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FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG.

BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT,  
AUTHOR OF 'DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.'

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What is the flag of England? Winds of the world declare!—KIPLING.

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RODNEY AND DE GRASSE AT THE BATTLE OF THE SAINTS

APRIL 1782.

ALL through the night of April 7, 1782, a chain of British frigates was stretched across the thirty miles of sea betwixt Martinique and Santa Lucia, and every half-hour or so a flash of light ran as a signal from end to end of the line. Rodney, in his great flagship, the *Formidable*, with thirty-five ships of the line, was lying in Gros Ilet Bay; De Grasse, with the *Ville de Paris*, the biggest and most splendid ship of war then afloat, was lying in Fort Royal with thirty-four ships of the line, besides frigates and a convoy of 150 merchant vessels. That chain of watchful signalling frigates might be described as a huge living tentacle which the British admiral stretched across the thirty miles of sea, and by which, in spite of the darkness, he felt each move of his great antagonist.

Morning came, as it comes in the tropics, with glow and splendour, and while the stars were still shining, white and faint, in the sky, the look-outs on the mastheads of the outermost British frigates, peering into Fort Royal itself, saw that the French

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ships were dropping their topsails. With stamp of innumerable feet on the resounding decks and loud distracted clamour, 250 ships at once—stately liners and smart frigates, and clumsy merchantmen—were heaving anchor. The French fleet was stirring, and, huge and confused—a forest of masts, acres of white swelling canvas—De Grasse led out his ships to what was his last battle. From masthead to masthead, in a flutter of tiny flags, the news sped down the line of British frigates to Rodney in Gros Ilot Bay, and with swift energy, but in characteristic silence, and with the ordered regular movements of a well-drilled regiment deploying, the British came out to what was the greatest sea-battle which, up to that date, the eighteenth century had witnessed.

The war growing out of the revolt of the British colonies in America was drawing to a close, and for Great Britain it was closing in disaster and gloom. Her troops had known defeat and surrender in America. There had been rebellion in Ireland; Spain demanded Gibraltar as the price of peace; France, in the accents of a conqueror, was proposing that Great Britain should give up all her possessions in India save Bengal. Only Rodney's sea victories saved the fame of England. He had relieved Gibraltar. He crushed the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, and the fire of the pursuit with which, through tempest and darkness, he chased the flying Spaniards into Cadiz, had in it, to quote Hannay, 'something of the Quiberon touch.' It recalled Hawke's fierce and dashing chase of Conflans thirty years before.

But the greatest of Rodney's sea victories was that now in sight. De Grasse, with a fleet which represented the utmost naval power of France, and carrying, in addition, 5,000 veteran troops, sailed for the West Indies to crush the British power there. A Spanish fleet of fourteen ships of the line, and 8,000 troops, was to join De Grasse off Hayti. Thus an armada of fifty ships of the line, with 13,000 troops on board, would sweep down upon the British possessions from Barbados to Jamaica, in simply resistless strength. So confident of success were both French and Spaniards, that Don Galvez, who commanded the Spanish contingent, assumed the official title of 'Governor of Jamaica' while yet lying in Havana. This was selling the bear's hide before the bear itself had been killed! Rodney, with Hood as his second in command, and a great fleet of thirty-six ships of the line, had to meet this threatening combination, and England at that moment possessed no sailor better fitted for the task. He was now sixty-four years of age, and his naval career had begun when he was a mere

child. He was, therefore, as thorough a sailor as any salt in his forecabin, yet he was no mere 'tarpaulin.'

A man of brilliant parts, of aristocratic tastes and connections, he had been a member of the House of Commons, Governor of Newfoundland, Master of Greenwich Hospital. He was familiar with great men and great affairs. Few men ever knew more alternations of fortune than Rodney. He had led British fleets to victory, and afterwards himself had to flee before the terrors of a bailiff's warrant to France, and so escape the pursuit of his creditors. A story, which has some evidence in its favour, tells how he was there offered the command of a French fleet if he would take arms against his own country. Rodney replied to the offer by affecting to think that the bearer of it was temporarily insane. The Duc de Chartres—infamous afterwards as Philippe Egalité—asked Rodney what would happen if he met the British fleet off Brest. 'In that case,' said Rodney, 'your Highness will have an opportunity of learning English.' The generosity of a French nobleman, the Maréchal de Biron, enabled Rodney to settle with his English creditors, and in 1778 he returned to his native country to lead her fleet to the West Indies and crush, only four years afterwards, the French naval power there. The sum lent by old de Biron to Rodney was 1,000 louis, and that must be pronounced to be, for French interests, the very worst investment of French coin ever made.

A glance at Rodney's portrait while yet a young man, shows a curious resemblance to the younger Pitt. There are the same curved eyebrows and widely opened eyes, the same angle of forehead, the same challenging and haughty gaze. Rodney expended his life lavishly, drank deeply of what is called 'pleasure,' grew old quickly, was persecuted with gout, which gave impatient fire to his temper and scribbled his face with the characters of pain. Hence the sharpened gravity shown in his later portraits. Rodney was a man with many faults, but he had a great genius for battle. Green, the historian, describes him as 'the greatest of English seamen save Nelson and Blake;' and it is certain that betwixt Blake's great defeat of Van Tromp in the Straits and Nelson's Titanic victory at Trafalgar, there is no sea battle which, for scale and far-reaching importance, can compare with Rodney's defeat of De Grasse.

Rodney, however, had not Blake's mingled simplicity and loftiness of character, and he lacked Nelson's electrical fire, and

his faculty for knitting his officers to himself with a personal affection which made them, to use Nelson's own phrase, 'a band of brothers.' Rodney was too much of an aristocrat to try to win where he could command, and if he wrought his fleet into a perfect instrument of battle, flexible through all its parts to his every thought, he did this by mere force of imperious will. 'I will be admiral,' was his motto.

There were evil traditions at that moment in the naval service of Great Britain. Byng had been shot on his own quarter-deck for half-heartedness in battle. After Mathews's action off Toulon, in 1744, the admiral himself, his second in command, and eleven captains out of twenty-nine, were court-martialled. Mathews himself was cashiered because he had broken the line—an offence to the prim tactics of that day—and his captains because they did not follow him when he led down on to the enemy. Of the eleven captains, says Mahan, one died, one deserted, seven were dismissed, only two were acquitted. Rodney himself had been cheated of a great victory over Guichen, in 1780, by the deliberate disobedience of his own captains; and the story of how he created a new discipline in his fleet, and a new sense of duty and honour amongst his captains, is very stirring. He drilled his great fleet as a sharp-tempered sergeant drills a squad of recruits. 'Every captain in this fleet,' he said to a friend, 'thinks himself fit to be Prime Minister of Great Britain,' and Rodney spared no pains to cure them of that delusion. The service, it must be added, was fissured by political divisions. A Whig captain was capable of remembering his politics even in the flaming stress of battle, and of refusing effective help to another British captain because he was guilty of being a Tory. Rodney effaced all this. He put his fleet through drill manœuvres, scourging them into order with angry signals and public rebukes until the captains of the old school, at least, were half mad with wrath and perplexity. But he gave to his fleet that first condition of victory, an iron discipline.

The field upon which these two great fleets were now to manœuvre and contend for the next three days is a stretch of water, roughly 150 miles in extent from north to south, with a line of four islands—Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, and Santa Lucia—running through it, of which the three first named were French, and the last English. The actual battle took place in the channel betwixt Guadeloupe and Dominica,



some twenty-three miles wide. In the centre, slightly westward, is a group of islets called the Saints, which gives its name to the battle.

Of the four days' manœuvring which intervened betwixt the morning of April 8 and the great fight of the 12th, it is needless here to speak. Fleets in those sad days were governed by what may be called parade tactics, and their combats resembled the thrust and parry and flourish, the doubling, and the disengaging of a ceremonious duel, rather than the close and desperate fighting of Blake with his Dutchmen more than a century before, and of Nelson and his daring school twenty years afterwards. The ideal of an admiral in the early part of the eighteenth century was to keep his line intact, to manœuvre ingeniously for the advantage of the wind, to graze past his enemy's line from head to rear, each ship exchanging broadsides with each hostile ship as she passed. One fleet, more or less crippled, crawls up to windward, the other flutters down to leeward, and then the battle ceremoniously ends. There was no closing in fiery wrestle, no rush of boarders across the splintered bulwarks, no 'ganging down into the middle o' it,' to quote the words of the Scotch captain at Camperdown. So all the naval battles of that period were loitering and indecisive. De Grasse was of that school of tactics; and, though Rodney in the approaching battle was destined to bring this style of fighting to a peremptory close, yet even he had scarcely broken loose from the traditions of the school in which he had been reared.

For four days the two great fleets manœuvred and clawed at each other, like two hawks circling round each other in the empyrean with screams, and ruffled feathers, and outstretched talons. But on the night of the 11th came Rodney's chance. On the night of the 10th the *Zèle*, a clumsy French seventy-four, clumsily managed, crashed into a sister ship, the *Jason*, and on the morning of the 11th both ships were semi-disabled. De Grasse, who had got rid of his merchant ships, despatched the *Jason* into Guadeloupe, but the crippled *Zèle* greatly hampered the movements of his fleet, and on the night of the 11th that unfortunate ship managed to get in the track of De Grasse's own flagship, and was still more cruelly battered. De Grasse ordered a frigate, the *Astrée*—whose captain was the unfortunate La Pérouse, who afterwards flitted for a moment, like a ghost, across Australian history—to take the *Zèle* in tow.

But all this delayed the movements of the French fleet, and when the day broke De Grasse's fleet was sprawling over some fifteen miles of sea space, a little to the westward of the Saints, while the British fleet, in steadfast order, was on the horizon to windward. Sir Charles Douglas, Rodney's captain, hurried down to his admiral's cabin to report, with pious exultation, that 'God had given him his enemy on the lee bow!' Rodney was quickly on deck, and a glance from his keen eyes showed him that to-day, at least, De Grasse's wary tactics were in vain. To draw the Frenchmen still further under his lee, Rodney signalled to four of his swiftest ships to make a dash at the unfortunate *Zèle*, struggling like a broken-winged sea-bird on De Grasse's rear. The French admiral could not abandon his crippled ship, and kept away to cover her with his line, and this gave Rodney the windward position. The choice of fighting or not fighting lay in his hand. He had thirty-six sail of the line, including five three-deckers, under his command, and he flung them with fierce energy into line of battle.

The wind was light, the sea smooth, and ship after ship of the British fleet glided on, a stately pile of canvas, each ship a cable's length, or about 200 yards, from her neighbour; and so perfect was the line, that a bucket dropped from the leading ship might have been picked up by almost every ship that followed. The stately British line had a northerly course; De Grasse, by this time formed into a somewhat straggling line, was standing to the south-east so as to cross the head of the British line, and, if possible, bar its entrance to the Straits. The two fleets, that is, formed the two moving sides of an obtuse angle. The French ships were the better sailers, and it remained to be seen whether they would scrape past the leading British ship, the *Marlborough*, and regain the position to windward. The crippled and lagging *Zèle*, however, held De Grasse fatally back.

Eight ships in the French line had crossed the line on which the British were moving, but it was clear that the head of the British column, like the point of a thrusting rapier, would smite the ninth ship—the *Brave*—in the French line, and the fate of the battle at this stage turned on the question of whether Rodney would push his thrust fiercely and resolutely home. If he followed the parade tactics of his day, he would play a game of long-bowls; fling his column round, that is, parallel to the French line at long shot distance, and fleet go sailing past fleet, with loud bellowing

of cannon, and much rending of canvas, and no particular harm to anybody. But Rodney thrust the head of his column up within musket-shot distance of the French line; then his leading ships kept away in turn, and the two lines, moving in opposite directions, drifted slowly past each other. Each ship, as it drifted heavily past an enemy's ship, broke into the thunder of furious broadsides.

Nothing can be more dramatic than the pauses and the ear-shattering explosions of a fight of this character. A British ship moving steadily ahead sees through the smoke the tall masts of a French three-decker towering above her. A rift in the eddying smoke shows the black hull so near that the faces of the officers on the quarter-deck are recognisable, the black muzzles of the guns, the eager faces of the gunners behind them. Then comes the swift order to fire. Again, again, and yet again, as the two great ships glide slowly past each other, comes the curving line of flame, the deep-voiced roar of the broadside, the crash of the rending shot, the shriek of the wounded, the tumble of the falling spars. But in another minute the vision has faded, the choking smoke is swept away, the ship is crossing the gap in the enemy's line. But, wrapped in a cloud of smoke, comes on yet another huge three-decker, and once more with roar as of tropical thunder, and play of dancing flame as of tropical lightning and tempest of splintering shot, the two great contending ships float past each other.

The volume of battle-sound grew ever deeper and more terrible as ship after ship of the British line swept slowly and majestically up till its bowsprit was almost thrust over the quarter of a French ship, then kept away, and added itself to that procession of deep-voiced giants who were thundering far ahead down the Frenchman's line. The captain of the *Hercules*, a gouty, hot-tempered old sailor, had a chair placed for himself in the waist of his ship, and sat there leaning over the bulwarks ironically saluting, it is to be feared with many salt forecastle expletives, the passing enemy. The British ships, in addition to their heavy guns, were armed with the newly invented carronade, a gun very formidable at close quarters. The French ships were crowded with troops intended to capture Jamaica, and the slaughter amongst them was simply terrific.

Rodney, in the *Formidable*, held the exact centre of the British line, and eighteen British line-of-battle ships were growling

and spluttering fire ahead of him down the French line, when he swung round parallel to a French ship at pistol-shot distance, and added the roar of his broadsides to the tumult of the battle. Eighteen French ships in succession were scorched with the flame of the *Formidable's* guns as they drifted past, and so menacing was the aspect of the British ship, as, edging ever closer, she broke into thunder and flame on each Frenchman's bow in turn, that, according to the testimony of an officer on the British flagship, 'we could actually see the Frenchmen running from their guns, in spite of the frantic efforts of their officers to keep them steady.' By nine o'clock the tumult of the great fight was at its climax. The two lines were wrapped in smoke and flame through their whole length.

De Grasse attempted one or two ineffective orders. He first signalled to his captains to wear in succession, but this also was impossible. By this time the leading British ships had drifted past the rear ship of the French line. Then came the crisis of the fight. In Hannay's words, 'on emerging from the rolling masses of smoke, the captains looked eagerly back for the signals at the towering masthead of the *Formidable*. As they looked they saw a great three-decker heading north out of the cloud and the flames. For a moment they thought the French admiral had doubled back on them, but as the three-decker cleared the smoke they saw the cross of St. George, and knew that the *Formidable* had burst through the French line to windward.' This is the stroke that makes the battle famous. Rodney had broken the Frenchman's line.

A tempest of controversy has raged round this incident. Did Rodney learn the stroke from Clerk of Eldin, the Scotch laird who supplied Walter Scott with the original of Monkbarns in the 'Antiquary,' and who undertook to teach British admirals the art of victory? Or was the famous manœuvre owing to the swift insight and energy of Douglas, Rodney's captain of the fleet? A flaw in the wind threatened to take the French aback, and to keep their sails full the French ships had to throw their heads up into the wind, so that they formed what is called a 'bow and quarter line.' Each ship, that is, drifted past her particular antagonist, not parallel with her, but at an angle from her. At this moment a French ship, the *Glorieux*, drifted down on the *Formidable*, literally knocked out of the line by a broadside from the *Duke*, a British ninety-eight. The high bulwarks of the *Formidable*, and

the hammocks stacked as a barricade across the break of the quarter-deck, made it difficult for Rodney to see the French line, and he stepped out on to the starboard gangway, and, leaning over its rail, saw the *Glorieux* drifting down upon him.

The drift of the *Glorieux*, and the flaw in the wind, combined to make a wide gap in the French line. Douglas, with a glance, saw the great opportunity. They might pierce the enemy's line, cut off the French rear, and put each ship betwixt two fires. He ran eagerly, hat in hand, to Rodney, and urged him to steer through the gap. Rodney was not in love with advice from anybody, and he replied, 'I will not break my line, Sir Charles.' But Douglas was so kindled by the opportunity he saw, that he pressed Rodney again, and even ventured to give the order to the quartermaster at the helm to port, a liberty which Rodney sternly checked. The evidence seems to show that Rodney himself saw the opportunity the gap in the French line offered, and rather resented Douglas's advice as unnecessary. The decisive step was taken, the wheel of the *Formidable* was sent flying round to port, the great ship slowly swung her bluff bows to starboard, and swept betwixt the *Diadème* and the *Glorieux*, pouring a tremendous broadside into each vessel as she did so. In breaking the line, says an eye-witness, 'the *Formidable* passed so near the *Glorieux* that I could see the cannoniers throwing away their sponges and handspikes in order to save themselves by running below.' 'We passed,' says another officer, 'within pistol-shot of the *Glorieux*, which was so roughly handled that she was shorn of all her masts, bowsprit, and ensign-staff.' It was this spectacle—the *Formidable* 'heading north out of the cloud and the flames'—which the captains of the British van, looking back, as they cleared the French rear, beheld.

But Rodney had no time to signal to the ships following him; signals, indeed, in the eddying smoke of the great fight were vain, and the question was whether his captains would understand the manœuvre and imitate it. The *Namur*, Captain Inglis, was next in the line to the *Formidable*. Inglis saw through the smoke the masts of his admiral's ship swing round till they were at right angles to the course, and then the great ship, with fire flashing out from both sides, swept across the enemy's track. The signal to engage to leeward was still flying, but the moment was one to disregard signals. Inglis never hesitated, but followed his admiral through the gap. Cornwallis in the *St. Albans*, Dumaresq in the

*Canada*, Charrington in the *Repulse*, Fanshaw in the *Ajax* in turn came up to the fatal gap, swung to starboard, poured on the *Diadème* and the unfortunate *Glorieux* a terrific broadside, and swept triumphantly on to put the remaining ships of the French rear betwixt two fires.

Almost at the same moment Gardner, in the *Duke*, the ship ahead of Rodney, finding that the stoppage of the *Diadème* had thrown the French ships following her into a helpless cluster, ported his helm and passed through the gap just made at this point. In a word, the centre of the French line was hopelessly smashed. The *Bedford*, seventy-four, further to rear, almost at the same moment had blundered in the smoke through the French line at the twelfth ship, and was followed through the gap by Hood's whole division of twelve ships. De Grasse's line, in brief, was broken into three fragments. The British ships bearing up to windward in a very few minutes were clear of the smoke, and, looking back, saw such a spectacle as, to quote Hannay, 'no British seaman had seen in this war so far.' To west and south-west lay the great French fleet, broken into three disconnected fragments. The clusters of ships which had formed De Grasse's rear and van were flying in opposite directions; in the centre towered the lofty masts of the great *Ville de Paris*, while round her clustered six sorely battered French ships.

The wind at this moment died away, the sea was calm, and victors and vanquished lay alike helpless for a space under the fierceness of the tropical noon. Hannay supplies a horrible detail of the scene. 'On the surface of the water there was something which was pure horror to all whose eyes were compelled to see it. Shoals of sharks—which alone among God's creatures the sailor tortures without remorse, the loathsome brute which loiters to profit by his misfortune—had collected to feed on the corpses thrown overboard, or the living who had fallen with fragments of rigging. They were leaping over one another and ravening at their prey.'

A little after midday the wind awoke, and with it reawoke the battle. The unfortunate De Grasse signalled in vain to his scattered squadrons for help, and the British ships, one after another, gathered round the central cluster of the broken French fleet. The *Glorieux* quickly surrendered; the *César*, the *Hector*, and the *Ardent* in turn struck, and the last was a peculiarly welcome conquest. She was a British ship, captured three years

before by the French and Spanish fleet in the chops of the Channel, and when the white flag of France went fluttering down from her peak, great was the joy through all the British decks.

De Grasse fought his flagship like a gallant sailor. She was a magnificent vessel, copper-bottomed, carrying 106 guns and a crew of 1,300 men. She was a present from the city of Paris to Louis XV., and was the proudest and most gallant ship afloat. For a long time the news of her capture in France was received with incredulity. 'Not the whole British fleet,' one distinguished French official declared, 'would capture the *Ville de Paris*.' But the British ships came up slowly, one by one, and gathered round the stately French flagship like dogs round a bull. De Grasse's cartridges were exhausted; powder barrels had to be hoisted from the hold, and loose powder poured into the guns with a ladle. The light of a tropical sun lay on the sea outside, but so black and thick was the smoke betwixt the French ship's decks, where the crew, amid the wounded and dying, were toiling at their guns, that battle lanterns had to be lit to give the men light.

It was six o'clock, and still De Grasse fought. When the *Barfleur*, with Hood's flag as rear-admiral flying, came majestically into the fight, De Grasse, with something of the haughty courtesy of a knight in battle, fired a single gun by way of salute and challenge to Hood; Hood, the most gallant of sailors, replied with a like salute. Then, laying the *Barfleur* alongside the French flagship, he poured upon her a tempest of shot. There were but three unwounded men, of whom De Grasse himself was one, on the upper deck of the *Ville de Paris*. Her upper works were torn to splinters, her sails hung from the broken yards in shot-torn rags; more slain or wounded men lay around her guns than through Rodney's whole fleet. At six o'clock, with his own hands, the unfortunate De Grasse lowered his flag. A cutter pushed out from the stern of the *Barfleur*, and pulled to the shot-torn sides of the *Ville de Paris*, and De Grasse stepped into it a prisoner. He was the first French commander-in-chief, by land or sea, taken in conflict by the British since Marlborough packed Tallart and two other French generals into his coach at Blenheim.

The battle of the Saints abounds in picturesque incidents which cannot be told here. Thus, when the two giant ships of the battle, the *Formidable* and the *Ville de Paris*, were exchanging broadsides with each other at pistol-shot distance, a French shot smashed to pieces a coop of fowls on the British ship's deck



A little bantam cock, released by the shot, fluttered on to the poop railing, and with the roar of every British broadside flapped its wings in triumph and crowed in notes so shrill as to be heard even through the crowded decks. That intelligent and patriotic fowl was, by Rodney's solemn orders, kept in fatness and ease till it died a natural death.

Rodney has been blamed for not pursuing the fragments of the broken French fleet with greater vigour. Douglas strongly urged him to pursue, and was rebuffed with the remark that he had offered advice once too often that day already. But the battle had raged thirteen hours with scarcely a moment's interval; Rodney was old and gouty and weary, and contented with his gains; and when night fell he signalled to his fleet to lie to. Six French ships were captured; but Rodney brought only two of his prizes—the *Ardent* and the *Jason*—into port. The *Glorieux*, according to an eye-witness, when boarded, 'presented a scene of complete horror. The number of killed were so great that the surviving, either from want of leisure or through dismay, had not thrown the bodies of the killed overboard, so that the decks were covered with the bodies and mangled limbs of the dead as well as the wounded and the dying.' The *Glorieux* foundered on its passage home; so did the *Hector*, and so did the great prize of the battle, the *Ville de Paris*. The *César* had a still more tragical ending. She took fire, by some accident, immediately after her capture, and burned to the water's edge. The English prize-crew perished in her, the lieutenant in command being 'seen in the stern fighting the fire to the last. No boat dare approach; the sharks were swarming under the counter, and he stayed to die in the flames at his post.'

The French loss is reckoned at 3,000 killed, whereas the loss of the British in killed and wounded together was less than 1,000. The French refused to believe that the British loss was so slight, and Blane tells the story of how he took an incredulous French officer round the *Formidable* and showed him how slight was the damage done by French shot, before he could persuade him that the British returns were accurate. The French fire, one of the *Formidable's* officers wrote, 'slackens as we approach, and is totally silent when we are close alongside;' whereas the British fire was fiercest when the ships were almost touching each other.

The battle brought great fame to Rodney. 'It is odd,' he wrote to his wife, the day after the battle, 'but within two little

years I have taken two Spanish, one French, and one Dutch admiral. Providence does it all, or how should I escape the shot of thirty-three sail of the line?' Rodney, it may be added, had taken a French admiral in the midst of the greatest French fleet then in existence, and on board the finest three-decker in the world. 'More liners,' says Hannay, 'had struck to him than to any British admiral of his generation.' But the public results of Rodney's great fight were of the highest character. As with the stroke of a thunderbolt, the whole prestige of French fleets in the New World was shattered. Jamaica was saved. Peace followed, and in the treaty Gibraltar remained a British possession, and the British power in India was acknowledged. Rodney's battle, too, stamped its fierce impress on the sea strategy of British ships in all future time. 'It marked,' says Hannay, 'the beginning of that fierce and headlong, yet well-calculated style of sea-fighting which led to Trafalgar and made England the undisputed mistress of the sea.'

### *AN UNCONSCIOUS REVOLUTION.*

EVERY ONE is now familiar with the fact that the legal theory of our Constitution differs most widely from actual political practice, and therefore also widely from the theory of the modern writers who have endeavoured to state in systematic form the Law of the Constitution as it exists and is acknowledged in the political life of our own time. Although every statute is expressed to be the enactment of the Crown, 'with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in Parliament assembled,' it is recognised by text writers as well as politicians, that the Crown takes no initiative in legislation; that even its veto is practically non-existent; that as a rule not only is the initiative in legislation in the hands of the representatives of the nation in the House of Commons, but the decisions of the House of Commons as the formal expression of the Will of the Nation must be followed by the acquiescence of the Lords and the Crown; although according to legal theory they have—to say the least—no inferior authority in framing statutes and determining the course of legislation. The House of Lords may in practice interpose a temporary veto from time to time, but that veto is only defended on the ground that it is necessary on special occasions, when some great change is proposed, to ascertain whether the vote of the House of Commons is merely due to temporary political conditions, or is really the expression of what is deliberately demanded by a substantial majority of the nation. It must be admitted no doubt that the result of the General Election of 1895 showed clearly that the nation did desire the continuance of some such temporary veto, and that a great constitutional change should not be made by a majority of the House of Commons without some opportunity of an appeal to the nation before a step is taken which it would be practically impossible to retrace.

No less widely does the actual practice as to Executive Government differ from the legal theory. Executive Government is not carried on by the Sovereign with the advice of a Privy Council, chosen by the Crown, and responsible to a House of Commons, which may impeach a Minister for improperly advising

the King, who can do no wrong, but is the act of a Cabinet whose power depends simply on possessing the confidence—or, at least, the power to secure the votes—of a majority of the House of Commons. The Cabinet itself is a body unknown to the law, and though it does, by modern constitutional practice, regularly determine matters of Executive Government, it is in fact appointed not by the Sovereign, but by any leading statesman who may be regarded as the leader of the political party which has secured a majority at the polling booths. It holds office practically at the will of the House of Commons, and is really liable to dismissal by its vote. These facts of the Constitution are embodied in no act, in no written compact, in no expressed body of rules. No one can say exactly when changes in our Constitution have taken place. They have been due to gradual growth, generally by imperceptible stages, until by usage the new practice becomes recognised as something to which custom has given the force of law.

So at the present moment, changes equally vital, which will gradually revolutionise our constitutional theories to an equal degree, are being made 'without observation,' not from deliberate intention, but because the undercurrents of political life are setting with a force—all the stronger through being unnoticed—in a new direction. No one who has taken part in active political life during the last few years, and has sat in the House of Commons, and yet watched at times the course of events from the point of view of a student of constitutional history and, at least partially, free from the overwhelming influence of party feeling and party ties, can fail to have been impressed with the fact that actual political life and the actual procedure of Parliament are becoming less and less in harmony with even the most modern statements of the law of the Constitution. According to those statements the House of Commons is a deliberative assembly of the representatives of the nation, discussing and forming judgments on national policy, initiating legislation, and determining its course and its form, in which all members have equal right of audience and in which all alike are under the duty of forming a judgment on the questions which arise, and are equally free to express the result of that judgment by their vote, or to endeavour to influence it by argument. In theory Ministers are to *submit* questions of policy and proposals for legislation to the decision of the House; it deliberates, it discusses, it pronounces its judgment upon them;

it controls expenditure, it determines how money shall be raised. Any member may submit a legislative proposal to it, each is presumed to say 'aye' or 'no,' according to his true opinion as to whether the proposal is beneficial or the reverse.

The debates are the deliberations of a supreme tribunal leading to the formation of a real judgment as to the course to be pursued after due attention to the arguments used, and unbiassed by other influences, subject to revision only on matters of detail and expression by another assembly, which is really subordinate, or in rare cases to the possibility of an appeal to the nation at the instance of the Ministers of the Crown, or as a consequence of the exercise of the temporary veto of the House of Lords. As a rule, the House of Commons thus deliberating and thus deciding may fairly be taken to represent the will of the nation. This is the theory of the constitutional lawyer. To any one who has watched the working of the House of Commons from within it will appear almost comic. The fact is, that the House of Commons, although it may now more than ever before be taken as representative of the nation as a whole, being elected under a widely extended suffrage with the protection of the ballot against coercion and of stringent enactments against corruption, is rapidly ceasing to be a deliberative assembly which considers and passes judgment upon proposals submitted. The practical Parliamentary view as opposed to the constitutional is that it is the duty of the minority in opposition to find objections to the proposals of the Government representing the majority, and to vote against them as often as possible, and, on the other hand, that it is the duty of the majority to refrain from discussion, to applaud Ministers, and to make sure that whatever they propose shall be carried by undiminished numbers. Occasionally, even now, a member of the majority may be heard endeavouring to bring to the ears of Ministers who 'do not read the newspapers' echoes of criticisms which are made 'out of doors,' but the task is a thankless one, which would not be recommended by an old Parliamentary hand to any one who wishes to gain a satisfactory position—or anything else desirable—in his political career. The cross benches in the House of Commons have only one seat, and that is already occupied and is believed to be uncomfortable.

Measures are not submitted to the House, but forced through it, perhaps because it is felt that without being forced they could not pass at all. The ordinary course of legislation is that one or

two leading Ministers, whose departments are connected with the question in hand, frame a Bill in consultation with, or under the direction of, the permanent officials; the other Ministers concur, and the House is told that it is a Ministerial measure, and therefore the majority must support it by the regularity of its votes and the doggedness of its silence. In some cases an apocalyptic curse is pronounced against all who shall venture to add to or take away anything from the words of the Bill. The leader of the House has been heard trying to silence criticism on his own side by declaring that a proposal was that of the Ministry *whom they were sent thither to support*—a declaration which would astonish some of the working men who had given their votes to candidates and secured their election in doubtful constituencies because it was believed that they would form a fair and independent judgment, and act accordingly.

It is true that the present time is one of transition, that there are occasions when, without any vote being taken or in spite of a majority of votes being cast in favour of the course proposed by the Ministry, it is felt that the sense of the House is against it, and that the sense of the House is really the expression of a feeling general in the nation. In this respect the House of Commons stands very much on the same footing as the press. An article in an influential paper, or expressions used perhaps informally to Ministers in the lobby, may no doubt at times influence the action of a Ministry, and lead to an alteration in its course of conduct, or to the abandonment of a proposed measure. The opinion of the House of Commons is no doubt still a factor among many others which influence the Ministry in arriving at a decision, but it is no longer in practice the tribunal to whose judgment the Ministerial proposals are submitted for consideration and determination.

Those who have watched the proceedings of the House or Commons most carefully must feel that the nausea which is caused by long speeches to which it is impossible to listen, and the reiteration of arguments which have been better stated already, does more than anything else to destroy its capability for being a really deliberative assembly. To put into practice the proposal of Major Rasch for shortening speeches would make real discussion and general expression of opinion again possible, but it is a proposal which the occupants of the front benches, who speak when and as often and as long as they like, will never regard with favour.

Even now there are times, especially in committee on Bills which are not of a definitely party character, when the debates of the House of Commons are both fair and businesslike, and therefore interesting and effective. To shorten speeches would not only remove the gag which silences many of the ablest members, but would greatly improve the character of the speeches that are delivered. No one outside the House of Commons knows how much ability, knowledge, and sound judgment exist among its members, particularly on the Ministerial side in the present Parliament.

It is not, however, our object to suggest alterations, but merely to call attention to what the constitutional operation of Government now is in actual practice. The right of a member of the House of Commons to initiate legislation is really no longer existent. Of the scores of Bills prepared by private members in every session, only one or two—perhaps, fortunately—can become law; few can be even discussed. Nothing but the power of a Government with a loyal, or, at least, obedient majority can carry any important measure. Even deliberate obstruction, and the idiotic plan of compelling sane people to spend hours walking through the lobbies in successive divisions, are defended on the ground that they prevent too much legislation—remarkable expedients, when the object might be so much better secured by closing the session at the beginning of July and going home regularly at ten o'clock. Instead of the effective control of the national expenditure in Committee of Supply, the time of the House is often taken up with the airing before empty benches of infinitesimal parochial grievances. The process of straining at gnats and swallowing camels is carried on with a patience and good temper which ought to excite the wonder and admiration of every spectator.

In some respects, no doubt, apart altogether from the question of Home Rule, the disruption of the Liberal Party, and the rout of the majority of that party in the election of 1895, have had useful results. A blow has been dealt at that marvellous political theory which usurped the name of Liberalism—the theory according to which a bare majority of a political caucus which represented the bare majority of one political party was to select candidates who should be mere delegates of the caucus without independent judgment or volition, and that whatever a bare majority of members so elected and controlled might vote for, should become law without check and without appeal. The



divine right of the odd man to alter the Constitution by a single vote is no longer an article of the general political creed. The doctrine that a majority of a majority of a majority, which might be anything over one eighth of the whole, should have a final and determining voice in favour of any change is no longer taken as the sum of political wisdom. It is realised that a system of telephones between the local Associations and the Clerk at the Table would be preferable to a House of Delegates constituted and acting upon such a plan. Instead of this we have the more rational view that a strong Government should be placed in power, and that the course of political action should be absolutely determined by such a Government. The independence of the House of Commons is threatened from another side. It is no longer a question of selecting and supporting candidates according to their capacity for swallowing all the items of a long political programme, concocted so as to secure under the shade of one umbrella a sufficient number of supporters from various quarters to insure a majority, but of securing such a majority of members as will carry out whatever it may be the pleasure of a strong Government to decree. We need fear no longer that the destinies of the nation will be controlled by the voice of a single statesman who will put into definite shape the ideas of a federation of caucuses, but there is a real danger—or, perhaps, some would say hope—that the decisions of three or four politicians of talent and influence who have associated with themselves a few others who have shown special political aptitude or administrative skill, or to whom they are allied by personal, family, or social ties, are being substituted for the deliberations and judgments of the representatives of the nation in Parliament assembled. A real revolution will have taken place when it has been established by usage that the function of the House of Commons is not to debate, to control, to legislate, but merely to applaud, to support, to record.

ALFRED HOPKINSON.

### THE GROOM'S STORY.<sup>1</sup>

TEN mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true.  
The big bay 'orse in the further stall—the one wot's next to you.  
I've seen some better 'orses; I've seldom seen a wuss,  
But 'e 'olds the bloomin' record, an' that's good enough for us.

We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part,  
We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no 'eart;  
For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,  
It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride;

For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of wot 'e 'ad to do,  
But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view.  
'E looked a puffeck pictur, and a pictur 'e would stay,  
'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away.

And yet we knew 'twas in 'im; we knew as 'e could fly;  
But wot we couldn't git at was 'ow to make 'im try.  
We'd almost turned the job up, until at last one day  
We got the last yard out of 'im in a most amazin' way.

It was all along o' master; which master 'as the name  
Of a reg'lar true blue sportsman, an' always acts the same;  
But we all 'as weaker moments, which master 'e 'ad one,  
An' 'e went an' bought a motor-car when motor-cars begun.

I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me sick—  
A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor kick.  
You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to make it stop,  
For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a blacksmith shop.

It didn't want no stable, it didn't ask no groom,  
It didn't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room.  
Just fill it up with paraffin an' it would go all day,  
Which the same should be agin the law if I could 'ave my way.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1898, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

Well, master took 'is motor-car, an' moted 'ere an' there,  
A frightenin' the 'orses an' a poisonin' the air.  
'E wore a bloomin' yachtin' cap, but Lor'! wot *did* 'e know,  
Excep' that if you turn a screw the thing would stop or go?

An' then one day it wouldn't go. 'E screwed an' screwed again,  
But somethin' jammed, an' there 'e stuck in the mud of a country  
lane.

It 'urt 'is pride most cruel, but wot was 'e to do?  
So at last 'e bade me fetch a 'orse to pull the motor through.

This was the 'orse we fetched 'im; an' when we reached the car,  
We braced 'im tight and proper to the middle of the bar,  
And buckled up 'is traces and lashed them to each side,  
While 'e 'eld 'is 'ead so 'aughtily, an' looked most dignified.

Not bad tempered, mind you, but kind of pained and vexed,  
And 'e seemed to say, ' Well, bli' me! wot *will* they ask me next?  
I've put up with some liberties, but this caps all by far,  
To be assistant engine to a crocky motor-car!'

Well, master 'e was in the car, a-fiddlin' with the gear,  
And the 'orse was mediatin', an' I was standin' near,  
When master 'e touched somethin'—wot it was we'll never know—  
But it sort o' spurred the boiler up and made the engine go.

'Old 'ard, old gal!' says master, and 'Gently then!' says I,  
But an engine won't 'eed coixin' an' it aint no use to try;  
So first 'e pulled a lever, an' then 'e turned a screw,  
But the thing kept crawlin' forrard spite of all that 'e could do.

And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went also slow,  
But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go;  
For the car kept crowdin' on 'im and buttin' 'im along,  
And in less than 'arf a minute, sir, that 'orse was goin' strong.

At first 'e walked quite dignified, an' then 'e 'ad to trot,  
And then 'e tried a canter when the pace became too 'ot.  
'E looked 'is very 'aughtiest, as if 'e didn't mind,  
And all the time the motor-car was pushin' 'im be'ind.

Now, master lost 'is 'ead when 'e found 'e couldn't stop,  
An' 'e pulled a valve or somethin' an' somethin' else went pop,  
An' somethin' else went fizzywiz, and in a flash, or less,  
That blessed car was goin' like a limited express.

Master 'eld the steerin' gear, an' kept the road all right,  
And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt! it was a sight.  
'E seemed the finest draught 'orse as ever lived by far,  
For all the country Juggins thought 'twas 'im wot pulled the car.

'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin' all 'e knew,  
But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e could do;  
It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked 'im on ahead,  
Till 'e broke the ten mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true.  
The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do.  
Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,  
But 'e broke the ten mile record, and that's good enough for us.

You see that 'orse's tail, sir? You don't! No more do we,  
Which really aint surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail to see;  
That engine wore it off 'im before master made it stop,  
And all the road was littered like a bloomin' barber's shop.

And master? Well, it cured 'im. 'E altered from that day,  
And come back to 'is 'orses in the good old-fashioned way.  
And if you wants to git the sack, the quickest way by far  
Is to 'int as 'ow you think 'e ought to keep a motor-car.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

*HENRY GRATTAN, PATRIOT AND IMPERIALIST.<sup>1</sup>*

BY LORD CASTLETOWN.

JUST one hundred years ago the name of Grattan was in the mind and on the lips of every man in Ireland. Yet the man who bore that name, the foremost, the most eminent of Ireland's sons, was standing aloof from the tragedy of horrors that have made 1798, and the succeeding years, the saddest epoch in Ireland's unfortunate history.

He was undoubtedly appalled at the ruin of the country, heartbroken at the misery of the people, and helpless in face of the evil counsels that prevailed in Government circles. His health was failing, and his hopes shattered; yet, when attacked for his absence from public life and accused in Parliament and by pamphlet of complicity in rebellion, he turned upon his accusers, and in the most graphic words, I think, he ever used, dissipated the suspicion and routed the defamer. In answering Lord Chancellor Corry he said:—

The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom; and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side there was the camp of the rebel; on the other, the camp of the Minister, a greater traitor than the rebel.

The stronghold of the Constitution was nowhere to be found. I agreed that the rebel who rises against the Government should suffer; but I missed on the scaffold the right hon. gentleman.

Two desperate parties were in arms against the Constitution. The right hon. gentleman belonged to one of those parties, and deserved death.

I could not join the rebel—I could not join the Government—I could not join torture—I could not join half-hanging—I could not join free-quarter—I could take part with neither.

I was, therefore, absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach nor indifferent with safety.

And I think now, as I thought then, that the treason of the Minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the Minister.

In these few bitter sentences, uttered during the darkest period of his existence, spoke the man whose glorious career I now propose to discuss. The fierce rhetorical struggle between Grattan and his assailant ended in a duel, in which Corry was wounded at the first fire. Further shots were exchanged, but with no effect,

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture delivered at the Irish Literary Society on Jan. 29, 1898.

and Grattan was the first to ask that the combat might end. Within the compass of this episode we have the keynote to all his life.

He was essentially and absolutely a patriot; he was opposed to all unconstitutional acts, and yet most intolerant of Government chicanery; brave to a fault, eloquent beyond all in a very eloquent and polished age, and absorbed by a deep, lasting, and perfect love for Ireland and his fellow-countrymen of all classes and creeds.

His early life was passed in an Ireland of which it is difficult for us to form a true conception, and at a time in Irish history which was most remarkable and unique. The country was governed by a Protestant oligarchy; small villages returned one or two members to Parliament; certain great lords held so many boroughs in their power and pocket—in point of fact, 124 members of Parliament were selected by fifty-three peers. The governing body and the social life of that time were very cultivated, witty, and clever, and numbered men who are now considered worthy of the highest praise. Parliamentary corruption was rampant, and freedom of the subject, as we understand it, was unknown. But what I desire to call attention to is the surroundings and debased political conditions out of which sprang this remarkable man. His appearance was not very striking; he was below the middle height, but strongly built. He had charming manners, and was most engaging and fascinating in private life. In public, even at the outset and to those who knew him intimately, he seemed to move with a destined force, while his constrained and curious gesture in speaking and his eloquence were so marked even at the commencement, and his application to politics so keen, that all considered him marked out for a great political chief. In this expectation his friends were not mistaken. Within a few short years the fame of Grattan filled the senate houses of either island, and the name of Grattan became a synonym for constitutional liberty within his own native land.

It may not be out of place here to record who were his friends and contemporaries. In Ireland, Charlemont, Hely Hutchinson, Bushe, Foster—a great orator and a true patriot—Burgh, on whose resignation of office when Free Trade was refused Grattan made a quaint epigram, 'The gates of promotion were shut as the gates of glory opened,' Sir H. Parnell, and many others. In England, Fox, Pitt, Castlereagh. Such were the great

masters of eloquence and statecraft he came in contact with. It was an age of giants, but he overtopped them all by his fiery eloquence and his lucid intellect, while he won all hearts by the simplicity of his nature, his singleness of purpose, the tenderness of his love for his friends, and his loyal fairness to his foes.

In 1772 Grattan was called to the Bar, and in 1775, at the age of twenty-nine, he entered the Irish Parliament, under the sponsorship of Lord Charlemont, for the borough of Charlemont. His country, when he entered the House of Commons, was a mere adjunct of England, an Irish registry office of English Acts. She was without a Constitution and without trade or commerce. He opened the ports to free trade, he encouraged her commerce, and he made her legally and constitutionally a nation. It is our duty, our solemn task, to maintain that bequest of this great Irishman, and to preserve intact the constitutional rights he obtained for us, for his and our native land.

What strikes one perhaps most forcibly in this unique life is the short period within which one being effected such vast political aims. The more one reads of those times the more the conviction grows that within the great movements of the world's history this master mind was placed in this particular sphere of use with one great intent in view—the uplifting of a race, that had suffered for centuries, to what may be called the empyrean of nationhood. The catastrophe that closed the century he was impotent to check, the mad passions of the French Revolution had unhinged the judgment of statesmen of the day; they wrecked the solid edifice he had raised, they utilised for their own ends the horrors he deplored, and forced upon the country an inopportune union—inopportune, for it was one which for many years was unaccompanied by necessary measures of redress to the Catholic population which he fought for to the end of his life. The most peculiar of the gifts that Grattan enjoyed was his political foresight, and, what perhaps is still more wonderful, his power of obtaining the privileges or acts of justice which he foresaw were necessary. One of his first great moves was the establishment of Free Trade. For three years the struggle continued, and at the close of 1779 measures were carried which met nearly all the demands of Ireland.

Grattan, the youthful prophet, forerunner of Cobden and Bright, the apostles of Free Trade, thus won his parliamentary



spurs. But a still more liberal Act was now perfected. In 1780 the Bill to relieve the Irish Dissenters became law. The restriction on the liberty of the Irish Dissenters had been created by the English Ministry in 1704. The free and foreseeing mind of Grattan had much to say to this redress, and it is eminently noteworthy that this act of justice was passed in the Irish House of Commons by an Irish Government forty-eight years before a similar Bill became law in England.

He now entered on the great episode of his own and his country's career. He had obtained relief for trade, he had opened the door of freedom to the Dissenters; he now demanded with no uncertain voice the declaration of a nation's independence. The Volunteers had been utilised for some time as a force to oppose invasion, guard the coasts, and act as police; now, they became day by day more numerous and more influential. The year 1781 passed away amid a general feeling of uneasiness. The force of the Volunteers was augmented daily. The Habeas Corpus Act was carried through Parliament, and accepted by England.

The disaster of York Town in America undoubtedly accentuated the determination of the Irish patriots to obtain independence, and in like manner forced the hand of English parliamentarians. The historic Volunteer meeting at Dungannon took place, resolutions drawn up by Charlemont, Flood, and Grattan were submitted to the great assembly, and a few days after Grattan, in a powerful speech, moved an address to the King containing a declaration of independence. In its course he made, among many, one great prophetic allusion. Referring to the disasters in America, he said—

Do you see nothing in that America but the grave and tomb of your armies? Do you not see in her range of territory, cheapness of living, variety of climate and life, the drain of Europe? Whatever is bold and disconsolate to that point will precipitate, and what you trample on in Europe will sting you in America.

The decision on this momentous question was again postponed.

There are a few fine passages in this speech I would venture to quote. Speaking of political sycophants and honest patriots, he said—

A painter might here display and contrast the loyalty of a courtier with that of a volunteer.

He would paint the courtier hurrying off his uniform, casting away his

arms, filling his pockets with public money, and then presenting to his Sovereign naked servitude.

He would paint the volunteer seizing his charters, handling his arms, forming his columns, improving his discipline, demanding his rights, and then, at the foot of the throne, making a tender of armed allegiance.

He had no objection to die by the side of England; but he must be found dead with her charter in his hand.

But the great popular movement was rolling on with increasing force. The Ministry went out, and the Whigs came into power, with the Duke of Portland as Lord Lieutenant and Mr. Fitz-Patrick as Chief Secretary.

I may here pause to say how proud I am that my grand-uncle, the bosom friend of Fox, had the priceless honour of being Chief Secretary when Ireland gained her independence. He had returned from serving in America, and his whole nature had rebelled against the treatment of our colonists, and the causes which had forced the war of independence on the American people. As to his action in Ireland, he was, no doubt, acting under the advice and with the sanction of Fox.

The Duke of Portland a few days after his arrival sent a message to the House, in rather ambiguous phrases, as to the intention of the Government. Grattan rose and moved as an amendment a declaration of rights and grievances. Into the many negotiations which ensued I do not propose to enter. In the end the patriotic party won all they demanded, and the following psalm of freedom was uttered by Grattan—

I am now to address a free people. Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment that you could be distinguished by that appellation.

I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire the heaven-directed steps by which you have proceeded, until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, from arms to liberties.

Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed: Ireland is now a nation.

In that new character I hail her, and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua*.

I am not afraid to turn back and look antiquity in the face. The Revolution—that great event: whether you call it ancient or modern, I know not—was tarnished with bigotry.

The great deliverer (for such I must ever call the Prince of Nassau) was blemished with oppression.

He assented to—he was forced to assent to—acts which deprived the Catholics of religion, and all the Irish of civil and commercial rights, though the Irish were the only subjects in these islands who had fought in his defence.

But you have sought liberty on her own principle.

Let other nations be deceived by the sophistry of courts. Ireland has studied politics in the lair of oppression, and, taught by suffering, comprehends the rights of subjects, and the duty of kings.

His Majesty's Ministers imagined they had quelled the country when they had bought the newspapers; and they represented us as wild men, and our cause as visionary; and they pensioned a set of wretches to abuse truth.

But we took little account of them or their proceedings; and we waited, and we watched, and we moved, as it were on our native hills, with a minor remains of our parliamentary army, until that minority became Ireland.

Grattan, indeed, had every reason to be proud of himself and his countrymen, for, as Lord Charlemont said, 'he accomplished a great revolution without one drop of blood.'

It is difficult to refrain from continually quoting him, but there are two short sentences in this memorable address of intense vigour and truth which I would refer to again, as thoroughly indicating the pathetic determination of the Irishman, and the true note of Imperialism which was so marked a characteristic of his nature. He describes, as I have said, the progress of the Irish nation from injuries to arms and from arms to liberty, till the whole faculty was braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

And again he concluded his address by reminding the King 'that the people of this kingdom have never expressed a desire to have the freedom of England without declaring a determination to share her fate likewise, standing or falling with the British nation.'

He was now the foremost man in his native land; his name was to be handed down to unborn generations, and whenever mentioned to be applauded to the echo by the lips of Irishmen.

The remarkable unanimity displayed on both sides of the Channel on this great question is worth notice, and the letters that passed between Grattan and Fox bear out the idea that both the representatives of the nations were in accord. The remaining portions of the penal laws against the Catholics were next dealt with. Repeal of what was intolerant began. The broad liberal mind of Grattan permeated all classes and all thoughts, and the old days of bigotry seemed to be at an end.

'Bigotry,' he said, 'may survive persecution, it can never survive toleration.' Let us hope and pray that in these days (a hundred years have passed since then) these hopeful words may

become true, and that, as persecution has ceased, religious intolerance may end. An Act was also passed making valid marriages solemnised in Dissenting meeting-houses, and also giving Dissenting ministers the same rights as Anglican ministers. It is noteworthy that in 1836, fifty-four years after, a similar measure was passed for England.

A letter from Burke to Charlemont sums up the general feeling of the cultivated world. He says: 'I take a sincere part in the general joy and hope that mutual affection will do more for mutual help and mutual advantage between the two kingdoms than any ties of artificial connection. I am convinced that no reluctant tie can be a strong one, and that a natural, cheerful alliance will be a far securer link of connection than any principle of subordination borne with grudging and discontent.'

During the short era of Irish true liberty the dominant mind and action was that of Grattan. It would not serve here to tell of the various measures of redress that became law: they were the beginning of the work which temporarily closed with his death, and was not taken up again and finished till O'Connell's period. The nation showed its approbation, and Mr. Bagenal, M.P. for Carlow, without the knowledge of Grattan or his friends, moved that a grant of 100,000*l.* be made to him. The proposition was unanimously accepted by the House; but Grattan's friends interposed, and declared he would not accept such a grant. Eventually 50,000*l.* was voted; and it is to me a pleasure and gratification to feel that the landed property acquired for that sum marches with my own, and that I can watch any evening from my own home the setting sun casting his rays in glory over the lands purchased by Ireland for Ireland's greatest patriot.

From 1782 onwards the times were out of joint: everything militated against a settled form of government or peaceful conditions. Throughout these difficulties one is continually struck by the versatility, the vigour, and the statesmanship in its best sense of Grattan. His eloquence, his brilliant imagination and inception, his power of attack and defence were unique, while his fiery patriotism was blended with the ablest political action and the most farseeing intuition. It is not for me now to go into all the questions which wrecked the great creation of 1782: we are dealing only with the man who gave Ireland her freedom, and gave us who succeed him one hundred years after the rights of free men. It is to Grattan we owe the

fact that we can legally and constitutionally tell any Minister of the Crown who talks of gifts to Ireland that we do not crave for presents or doles : we can and will demand rights.

The celebrated commercial propositions of Mr. Ord in 1785, which were afterwards modified by Pitt at the dictation of English manufacturers, produced the first salient difficulties between the two Parliaments. The result was an indignant refusal, led by Grattan, of the revised proposals. There was much wisdom and political acumen in his reasons for rejecting them, but I am afraid this negative was the origin of the idea that eventually crystallised itself in the brain of Pitt, that a legislative union between England and Ireland was imperative. This was the beginning of friction.

The question of the tithe in 1785 and the Regency imbroglio next claim attention. With regard to the first, it is another instance, if another were needed, of the political foresight of Grattan's genius.

In three successive years he advocated the redress of this intolerable grievance, but in vain. The sacerdotal mind was, as usual, impervious to common-sense, and the result was that clergy and the tithe-payer had to suffer all the horrors of the tithe wars, until the Commutation Act of Lord John Russell in 1835 ended the scandal.

From 1788 onwards one grieves to find that the story of Irish government falls back to a lower level. After careful perusal of the evidence and thoughtful consideration, I am afraid one is forced to the conclusion that the English Government, repenting of the grant of independence, determined to sap the fortress of nationality, first of all by bribery and corruption, then to precipitate the issue, if necessary, by force of arms. The illness of the King lent them assistance, and, sadly enough, the events of the age were in their favour. Grattan, however, fought on heroically with all that was best in Ireland against the disgraceful cabals, against the wholesale corruption, against the secret attempts at fostering riot and insurrection. In 1789 Grattan attempted a further reform of abuses, especially the police abuses, the pension list, and abuses connected with elections. The Castle influence was, however, too powerful, and the Bills were thrown out.

In 1790 the Earl of Westmorland became Lord Lieutenant, and Grattan and his party renewed their attempts for reform.

In one particularly scathing speech he mentioned briefly the new grievances of which they complained—the increase of the pension list, the increased expense in the ordnance department, and other things which he laid to the charge of Lord Buckingham, who had at the beginning of his Lord Lieutenancy promised so many reforms :—

Such (said Grattan) has been the conduct of your reformer. This was the man. You remember his entry into the capital, tramping on the hearse of the Duke of Rutland, and seated in a triumphal car, drawn by public credulity ; on one side fallacious hope, and on the other many-mouthed professions ; a figure with two faces, one turned to the Treasury and the other presented to the people ; and with a double tongue, speaking contradictory languages. This Minister alights ; Justice looks to him with empty hopes, and speculation faints with idle alarms ; he finds the city a prey to an unconstitutional police—he continues it ; he finds the country overburdened with a shameful pension list—he increases it ; he finds the House of Commons swarming with placemen—he multiplies them ; he finds the salaries of the Secretaries increased to prevent a pension—he grants a pension ; he finds the kingdom drained by absentee employment, and by compensations to buy them home—he gives the best reversion to the country to an absentee, his brother !

At last the climax was reached, and Grattan specifically challenged the Ministry to deny the sale of peerages, places, &c. Grattan and his friends were threatened with impeachment because they dared to defy the corrupt influence of Government. This was his reply :—

The sale of honours is an impeachable offence—the crime speaks itself. But, to take the point out of doubt, I will state you a case : The Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles First, was impeached on thirteen articles, and the ninth article was the sale of honours—the very crime of which the Ministers of Ireland have been guilty. He was impeached for the sale of a peerage to Lord Roberts for ten thousand pounds. But there is a circumstance in the offence of the Irish Ministry, which is not to be found in the case of the Duke of Buckingham—they have applied the money arising from the sale to model the House of Commons. This is another impeachable offence : that Minister who sells the honours of one House to model the representation of the other is impeachable for the last offence as well as the first ; he makes a wicked and scandalous and illegal use of the prerogative of the Crown in order to destroy the privileges of Parliament. He makes the two Houses of Parliament auxiliary, not to support but to contaminate one another. Thus he is a conspirator against the legislation—attacking it in both Houses of Parliament, and poisoning the two great sources of the law.

In a great speech he made on this question he referred to the country gentlemen and the system adopted by English placemen of seeking service in Ireland at the expense of the latter country. Both quotations are worth giving, even at this date and time of our history :—

They must see and despise the pitiful policy of buying the country gentlemen by an offer to wrap them up in the old cast clothes of the aristocracy—a clumsy covering and a thin disguise, never the object of your respect, frequently the subject of your derision. The country gentleman must recollect how seldom he can procure even an audience from that bench, except when he artificially deserts his cause and his country. Place him on his native hills, and he is a protection against the storm; transplant him to the hot-bed of the Castle, he degenerates, and becomes a weed.

Gentlemen come over to this country for a livelihood, and they find servants who, like themselves, look to Government for nothing but a livelihood, and this alliance, that does not include an idea of public care or duty, they call an administration; but it is our task to interrupt this venal commerce by impeachment.

The demand for elective franchise for the Roman Catholics was now pressed home by Grattan and his adherents, and was as vigorously refused by the Ministry. The United Irishmen were being enrolled during these years, and the French organisers of insurrection were filling the country with disaffection. The refusal of the Government to give all the redress desired by Grattan to the Roman Catholics precipitated matters, and hurled the more violent of that religion into the arms of the United Irishmen. Everything began to point to armed rebellion.

In 1795, however, it appeared as if the tide might turn in favour of peace. Lord Fitzwilliam was nominated Lord Lieutenant. It was understood he was returning with a message of peace to the Roman Catholics. Grattan undertook the task of moving the address. His imperial instinct rose supremely to the occasion, and in glorious sentences he sketched the position of Ireland and her duty to England. Referring to the danger to England and Ireland of European war, he says:—

As formerly you struggled for the British Constitution in opposition to the claim of the British Parliament, so now you contend in conjunction with Great Britain for that Constitution against France, and for that Constitution, with everything besides included, you fight for your island.

Thus you see the war goes to the accomplishment of universal empire on the ruins of the Empire of Great Britain, and the question before you is, What part shall be taken by Ireland? The question is, not whether in every war you will take part with England, but whether there is any in which you will stand by her; for if you fail her now she will probably have no other opportunity to want, now you desert her. Vulnerable in Flanders, vulnerable in Holland, she is mortal here. Here will be the engines of war—the arsenal of French artillery, the station of the French navy—and through this wasted and disembowelled land will be poured the fiery contents of their artillery. As the British Empire must be saved on the Continent, so it may be overthrown in Ireland.

In his last speech in Ireland on Catholic emancipation he used



a sentence I would commend to the perusal of those who try to govern us now:—

I should ask whether, in the interpretation of the oath, his Majesty has consulted his Irish Bishops, and yet he could have found among them men perfectly competent. I will venture to say that the head of our clergy understands the Catholic question better than those consulted. I will add he does not, I believe, disapprove of their emancipation nor approve of the arguments against them. But it seems, in matters that relate to the Irish Church, the Irish clergy are not to be consulted, and the English episcopacy, like an English Cabinet, is to determine the destiny of Ireland.

But the last chance for the country now disappeared—Fitzwilliam and all hope of redress of injustice departed. Ireland was to be given over to turmoil, and the military were to have 'free quarters.'

At the end of 1796 he again raised his warning voice unheeded, and twelve supporters only followed into the division lobby the man who had given Ireland freedom, his fellow-countrymen discipline, and to the British Empire what would have been the corner-stone of that great edifice if the measures he had so honestly advocated had been granted at the proper time. Now all was over—the land he loved was to be deluged with blood; its half-civilised and easily gulled peasantry were drifting into rebellion, and the tide of prosperity and peaceful commerce, which had been slowly rising, was checked for two or three decades or more. He retired to the country, and refused to stand again for Parliament, but he made a final appeal to Government at a meeting of the freemen of Dublin, when, maddened by the horrible episodes of the period, he declared his despair of obtaining any redress of national grievances in Parliament.

From thenceforth he was silent. Ireland weltered in blood, licentiousness, sack, ruin, and religious intolerance. Both sides vied with each other in ferocity, and the soldiers who were sent to quell the insurrection were successful in yet more hideous forms of brutality. Let us pass over that hateful time in silence and sorrow.

In 1799, on January 22, the project of the Union was introduced in the Irish Houses of Parliament. But Grattan did not return to the scene of his former triumphs till 1800, when he was returned for Wicklow to oppose the Union.

It pains one to read his last great speech in Ireland on this supreme subject, but the few concluding lines are full of pathetic beauty. He had exhausted all his marvellous powers of argument

and invective. He turns to the land he adored, he recalls the great constitutional creation of his own brains and toil, and he says :—

Yet I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life and on her cheek a glow of beauty—

Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson on thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

While a plank of the vessel sticks together I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, to carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind. I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.

As to his views of the immediate after-effects of the Union, it is difficult to speak with any certainty, but on two points of supreme importance he used no undecided language or action. He pressed home, in debate after debate in the Imperial House of Commons, the claims of the Catholics. He was returned for Malton, in Yorkshire, in 1805, and he never omitted an opportunity of aiding the cause which he had championed all his life, and which, with his prophetic statesmanship, he knew was imperatively essential to the well-being of the Empire once the Union was effected. He had tried his utmost to obtain fair terms before the Union. He realised how bitter, how lifelong would be the resentment if the promises (which, mind you, had been actually made by Ministers and others to the Catholics) were not kept. How true a forecast he formed has been proved by ninety-eight years of continuous struggling, continuous friction, a concession once in twenty years to an agitation, and then again agitation and again a concession; English and Scotch Secretaries following each other; each one experimenting on the 'helpless' country Grattan referred to so pathetically, each one making the muddle more complete, the state of the land question more involved, the religious question more acute, the commercial and financial question more misunderstood.

The second and most marked point in his future parliamentary career was his fine, high-spirited Imperialism. He accepted the Union in the spirit of the true patriot. 'The Act of Union,' he said in one of these later speeches, 'constituted the marriage articles between the two countries, and none of its provisions could be broken without annulling the contract.' Such was the posi-

tion he took up in the defence of Ireland. As regards the Empire as a whole, his mind became imperialised the moment there appeared real danger to the two islands, and when Bonaparte escaped from Elba he gave splendid assistance to the Government, and advocated immediate war. When, owing to the ignorant and stupid behaviour of the Ministry of the day, the United States of America were being pushed into the arms of France, he vigorously attacked them, and his language was not only remarkable for its wisdom at that time, but can be read and indorsed now as farseeing and full of high statesmanship, splendid sympathy for our cousins beyond the sea, and real common-sense. He said :—

You have fidgeted yourself by a restless incapacity out of the affections of America, whom you force from the natural state of a young country to anticipate the efforts of maturity, so that you make the enemy a nation of soldiers, and America a nation of manufacturers, and then do all you can to enable the one to beat and the other to starve you. The destruction of the commerce of America was bad, but giving her to France is much worse. . . . The strength of this country does not lie in imposing privation on others, in depriving the continent of Europe of luxuries; it lies entirely in the integrity, spirit, and extent of your commerce: on that is based your naval Empire—that true pillar of your greatness. Your little paltry envy of the growing prosperity of infant States is unworthy of the dignity and power of this mighty Empire—for such it is. Suffer them to enjoy that prosperity; let them gradually increase your interests are in common. Instead of the petty rival, assume the character of the firm and dignified protector. By playing a paltry petty game for an annual revenue of 100,000*l.* you lost it [America]. This deprived you of one of the greatest portions of the globe. If you play the little game again, you will lose your Empire—you will lose everything.

I should like, before attempting to sum up the great feats of this wonderful man, to refer once more to his efforts in favour of Catholic emancipation, and the result to him of his unswerving determination to do what he thought right by his country at all costs.

In one of the many speeches he delivered on this subject he referred to the efforts of Mr. Fox in 1805 to carry out the terms of the Union as regards the Catholic population. It clearly establishes the view taken of the necessity of emancipation by that great statesman. He said :—

I remember his opinion privately given: it was decidedly against the penal code. In that opinion he remained to the end of his life. He recommended a total repeal of these laws, and when the Roman Catholic petition was presented by him to the legislature he gave this last testimony against their cruelty, their impolicy, and their ingratitude. Ireland will ever retain a grateful sense of all

the benefits she received from that great man. She now feels the loss she has sustained, and weeps in sorrow over his tomb.

Grattan, however, shortly after this incurred the displeasure of the Catholic leaders in Ireland, but with that loyalty to his country which was his greatest characteristic he merely said that whether he had misinformed the House, or that the Catholics were guilty of retractation, was a question which he should never agitate, it being his fixed principle never to defend himself 'at the expense of his country.'

The effect of the feeling now aroused against him appeared during the election of 1815, when an attempt was made upon his life. He was seriously wounded by the mob, and yet, when congratulated by his fellow-citizens upon his escape, he was true to his governing principle, that, whatever he might suffer, he would never lay aught to the charge of his country or its people, and he answered an address of congratulation on his escape in these terms :—

My friends and fellow-citizens, a few individuals, a sudden and inexplicable impulse, a momentary infatuation, anything, everything might account for that violence of which you complain. It is not worth your investigation. My friends and electors have nothing to say to it. I receive the unanimous congratulation of my friends, not as a consolation for such a trifle as that, but as an inestimable testimony which I shall ever endeavour to merit and preserve.

Once more, in 1819, he again brought forward the Catholic question, and lost his motion by only two votes.

His illness was now increasing, and yet his mental vigour was as great as ever. He had nearly persuaded the Imperial Parliament, as he had the Irish Parliament, of the wisdom of his proposals, of the necessity of justice, and he hoped and believed (as, we may believe, would have been the case if he had lived) that before he died he would see all his countrymen free in every sense of the word. But it was not to be. For some inscrutable reason the one man who was slowly cementing the Union, and the one man who was capable from his position, eloquence, and experience of influencing the Imperial Parliament for the good of both countries with regard to this great question, was taken away. He left Ireland in failing health once more to lay the petition of his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen on the table of the House. His friends implored him to remain at home, but in vain, and he undertook the fatal journey, and died in London before he could carry his intention of justice and wisdom into effect.

Little more remains for me to say. I have followed his career from the start to its glorious and self-sacrificing close. It was a life spent in contrast to most lives of that or even this day; it was spent in honour, in self-sacrifice, in perfect love of his friends, in loyal antagonism to his foes. Freedom, liberty, were the guiding instincts of his mind, at a time when freedom in England and abroad was hardly known in its present sense, when liberty in France was licence and death, and when toleration did not exist. In every line of his speeches one comes across prophetic phrases which deal with our epoch or indicate his far-seeing statesmanship, and every line is instinct with the love of honest constitutional freedom.

His effect on Ireland was prodigious and lasts to this day. He gave us the Magna Charta of our liberties. Had it not been for him, we should have been a mere appanage to Great Britain. As it is, we stand, or can stand if our countrymen are patriotic and wise enough to enforce it, on an equal footing with the sister kingdom.

I have endeavoured to put into feeble words and phrases the story of one of those lives which rank with those of Hampden and Washington, and stand out pre-eminently in the history of a nation's progress towards liberty. What a glorious example is set before us! Why can we not in our respective spheres think, plan, and strive to maintain the constitutional liberty of our land, to urge the redress of such grievances as are real and tangible, to combat all that is sordid and mean and unconstitutional, whether it be brought forward by the party politician or the equally insincere demagogue and mob orator? Peruse Grattan's speeches and read the history of those times in Mr. Lecky's 'History of the Eighteenth Century,' and let every one of us in Ireland try to follow Grattan's teaching. There are several salient questions in her welfare now which rest on the basis laid down by him. We should all seek to rise as he did above the low level of partisanship and party cabal. We should mould our Imperialism on his ardent admiration for and devotion to the Constitution we now live under; while, as he did, so should we not allow one scintilla of true patriotism and devotion to Ireland to die out in our hearts because we happen to be part of this great Empire. I am sick of the men who talk of English garrisons and coercive laws. I am equally tired and disgusted of hearing the silly cries of 'Cheers for the Mahdi!' and 'Down with

the Saxon !' A man can be, as Grattan was, an honest Irish patriot and a true Imperialist. What can be a prouder boast than to try to emulate Grattan through life, having done all we can and ought for Ireland, and having done all we owe in duty to our Empire ? Love Ireland, your native land, and maintain her name and nationality high aloft, her liberty, her privileges, her Constitution intact, and at the same time defend and serve that great Empire of which she is one of the most glorious gems. If Irishmen will do so, they are following the example of the purest and greatest of men, and they will realise then the idea of the immortal Milton, who, when writing of the duties of a true citizen and man, said they should be ' enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hope of living, to be brave men and worthy patriots dear to God, and famous in all ages.'

*THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.*

WHEN I was still quite a young man I believed that I had gone through the one great experience of my life, and that, though its poignancy was over, there could be only a twilight existence for me thenceforth. A woman's name summed up all my sorrow; but half the round visible world divided us—and the whole circle of the invisible one since in her youth and gentleness she had yielded to her parents and given herself to a husband whose love for her had separated us for ever. I had been very young, too, at the time, and tender-hearted, with no room for anger in all my thoughts of her, and I am not ashamed to remember how much relief came to me from abundant weeping, by whose bitter waters the fire of my pain was quenched.

But it had left me subject to fits of vague sadness and longing, which would hold me for a day or days at a time. I would then go through all outward life as usual, fulfilling my duties and eating my food in the ordinary way, but with a touch of inner exaltation that quickened feeling and imagination strangely. One of these times, although having its origin in the facts that I have mentioned, was nevertheless in the mysterious sequence of life destined to lead me to an entirely fresh experience.

It was a warm afternoon in the middle of the month of May, and I was alone in a small house that I had taken in the village of Hampstead for the sake of quiet in a course of reading I had to complete: the very solitude I had sought, however, disturbed me rather than otherwise, for there was nothing outward to save me from myself.

I closed my books and went to the open window, where, leaning against the casement, I looked far into the distance, inhaling at the same time the fragrance of the wallflowers and sweetbriar that grew closely round the little house. My spirit hovered as it were over the sunny garden, over the green meadows beyond with their white hawthorn hedges, and on to the steeples and the smoke that meant London, whilst some unconscious association of sense brought back much that I had thought dead within me. Not memories of Helen only, but a reawakening of the strong human desire for superhuman perfection in another: my



spirit hovering in the air imagined a perfect woman coming to meet it, and fell worshipping the image. 'O heavens, bring me to meet her!' I sighed, half aloud. The south wind bore a very faint sound of bells with it from the city as it rustled towards me, and I felt almost out of the body with eager longing.

Then I drew in my head and closed the window, but did not try to change the course of my thoughts; and as I moved about the room I sang the prison song of Florestan under my breath, and was happy.

My engagement that night was one which I had made with myself a week before—to go to the Opera, where 'Fidelio' was to be given; and I had determined to hear it for once in my life quite alone, in order that nothing which I could help might disturb my attention. About six o'clock I dressed leisurely, ate mechanically the meal which my housekeeper set before me, and, after a pleasant drive through the evening air, found myself in my stall one minute before the curtain rose.

The music sounded to me more wonderful than ever, and I believe was wonderfully executed, but I felt quite unable to bring any power of criticism which I might possess to bear upon it that evening; I could only sit and drink in the delight of it as involuntarily as I breathed the air around me—it seemed to become a part of myself.

At the end of the first act there was the usual rustle which people make when they rise and turn to each other for chat after enforced silence. I had no disposition to move, however, but kept my seat, looking occasionally in a dreamy way at a small score of the opera that lay across my knees, and at other times going back to the state of exaltation to which I had risen in the afternoon and which accorded well with the music I had just heard. Suddenly, from somewhere above me, there fell upon my open book a lady's glove, and in the slight start which this caused me to give, the book dropped to the ground, closing in its fall. I picked both it and the glove up immediately, and then instinctively raised my head to see if there was any sign of the owner of the glove, but the box just above where I sat was apparently empty, and though I could see a few heads looking out from the upper tiers, no one had the air of having lost or dropped anything, and so the little waif became mine.

But what was it which stopped me just as I was about to open my book again at the old place? A faint perfume that rose

from the glove as it lay in my hand, and which was so exactly like one I remembered always to have been about my poor Helen's dress and hands that a sudden thrill shot through me; could it be she who was here to-night? The thought passed in a moment—I knew her to be in India—but still the sweet scent had powerfully drawn me towards the owner of the glove, whoever it might be, and in some way I associated her with my old love. Presently the music began again, but I did not meet it in the same mood as before, for the glove distracted my attention whether I would or not; and so, when all eyes seemed to have turned again to the stage, I fell to examining what had even by this time become a kind of treasure to me, and to imagining the hand that had so lately warmed it. Let me describe what I saw. It had evidently been worn by a long slim hand, and had fitted to perfection, for at the finger tips there were faint outlines left from the pressure of delicately shaped nails; the thumb, that frequent traitor to the rest of a fine hand, showed slender as heart could wish, and on the thin leather I found distinct trace of a ring upon the first finger. It had belonged to the right hand, and a blaze of jealousy shot up in my heart as I thought that it might have been given, with the hand in it, to any other than myself before it came to me. Every moment it grew dearer, and I became more eager to see the owner—young and beautiful, I never doubted—for what, I said to myself, if it were a token that the old longing for love so strangely renewed in my heart that day was to be fulfilled? I accepted the gage, and burned to know what I must do or suffer before I could win the prize. The music all the time went on behind my dreaming, with a passionate influence upon it: did it tell me or did my own heart say, that all would be well—I held the charm in my hand, and beyond hope I should both love and be beloved—or again, that nothing in the whole world had ever filled or could fill such great longing? I know not; but I remember that I furtively lifted the little glove to my lips and kissed it in a kind of ecstasy. It was a positive relief when the curtain fell after the second act and the tongues of my neighbours were again loosed.

This time I tried to do as others did, and rose and turned round, taking the opportunity once more to look upwards, for the possibility of a glimpse of some one in the box just above me, from which I had determined, I scarce knew why, that the glove must have fallen. But I could still see no one in it; people might

have been there, but nobody came to the front. However, I saw something else: namely, the familiar face of a friend of mine in the box next to the one which I was watching, who, as soon as he caught my eye, made signs to me to come up and join him. Did I need the invitation to be repeated? I responded instantly, and, putting my treasure into the pocket of my waistcoat and carrying my book in my hand, made my way swiftly to him.

He met me halfway along the corridor into which his box opened, and said, 'I was so glad to see your face down there, for I had this box lent me at the eleventh hour, and could get no one to come with me, so the thing was growing a little tedious. I ought not to have come at all really, for I was up till four this morning and five the day before with a patient whose case I am anxious about; but I could not withstand it when I heard what opera it was. I may have to leave, too, before it is ended, for I told them where to send for me in case of need, but I dare say you won't mind it if I do—and you won't mind making the move, will you?'

'Oh no,' I answered, 'I have nothing to detain me down there.' And in speaking I glanced round to see how my position was with regard to the box in which I was so deeply interested. Blessed beyond belief I found it; just at the curve of the house, so that sitting well forward one could see partly into the next box, and had a full view of any one in it who might choose also to come to the front. My heart beat so that I could scarcely speak to my friend, and the poor attempt at conversation which I made had no power to alter the frame of my mind; something in the exquisite music, now only for a time suspended, and the little adventure of which I had made so much, together with the revival of the afternoon, had helped to put me into a curious state during which nothing seemed strange to me, though everything was in a way unreal. By the time the last act was about to begin, I had become so excited that I hardly dared to turn my head in the direction I longed to do, although I had on purpose taken a chair next to the box on which my hopes were fixed, and could almost feel through the thin partition the soft rustling of a woman's dress as some one moved to the front. Even then I should have played with my fate a little longer, I think, if my friend's remarks had not grown few and his eyes dim, and if finally (little blame to him) he had not retired as far from view

as possible and after an apologetic look or two in my direction fairly given in to the sleep he so much needed. His eyes once firmly closed, I felt alone again, and the desire to look became unconquerable; so, gently turning round, for my first reward I saw the back of a girl's head, and an arm resting upon the velvet ledge so much nearer to me than I had dared to hope that it almost stopped my breath for a second, as I remained motionless, not venturing to make a sound that should let her know any one was so close to her. One doubt only dashed my hope—this might not be the lady I sought; but the first time she moved, the air was filled with the same faint perfume which clung to the glove, so that I knew in a moment I was where I would be.

Her head remained turned from me, but every now and then she would change her position just enough to show me the outline of a most perfect cheek, while her hair, long as Eve's and thick as Godiva's, prepared me for the beauty of her face as I saw it afterwards. When my eyes could look at anything beyond her, I saw that there was an elderly man, who appeared to be her father, in the box with her, and I remember feeling at once a keen jealousy of him as having the dear charge of such a creature, and also a defiant wish to warn him that I would win her from him if it cost me my life. To my thinking, however, he seemed marvellously unconscious of the treasure by his side, for he seldom looked at or spoke to her. Nor did the stage attract much more of his attention, but he kept his eyes fixed almost all the time on some opposite part of the house: what part I did not notice, for I was waiting as if for new birth until the beautiful head near me should turn and bless me with a clear sight of the face I had dreamed of.

I felt all the time that my having her glove in my possession formed a kind of link between this lovely girl and me, and as if something must tell her where it was; but suddenly I made the discovery that she had not until then even known of her loss, for I saw her find it out. She felt first in her pocket, then looked towards the floor, and as each search proved unsuccessful, I saw a pink flush suffuse the nape of her white neck, and in reply to her companion's question (somewhat curtly put) of 'What have you dropped?' I thought she seemed to make a much greater effort than so simple an occasion demanded before answering in a low voice, which, nevertheless, reached my ears, 'My glove.'

They made but slight further search for it, and her emotion seemed soon to pass away; indeed, she begged that no more notice might be taken of her loss; but when the man had returned to his scrutiny of the opposite side of the house, I noticed that she leaned her head upon her hand, and that a deadly pallor succeeded her flush. I longed to lay the missing glove before her: I was so near that it could easily have been done; but there was evidently something which troubled her about it, and how could I tell whether she would wish it or not?

After a time, I managed to find a position in which, without her being aware of it, I could see her quite clearly, and look my heart out without fear of offending. And how beautiful I found her no words can tell. Her thick fair hair lay softly on her smooth forehead, and her grey eyes looked out from under long lashes and firmly drawn brows, with an expression that I had never seen before; but when I met afterwards with Chaucer's 'pitouse, sad, wise, true as steele,' I knew what it meant. Her nose was straight, the outline of her face perfect, whichever way you saw it, and her mouth looked the home of the world's sweetness. Once, when she moved for a moment, so that I lost sight of her, it seemed dreadful to me till she returned, nor did I try to withstand the feeling. 'We were born for each other,' I thought: 'she *shall* love me; does not everything in this wonderful evening point to it? Her glove was the sign Heaven gave me; I have it, and it shall lead me to her.'

I determined to follow her unnoticed when the opera was over, and then, as she and her father should be just going, I would restore the glove to her. That would draw her attention to me; she would remember me from it, and the same fate that led me to her now would give us our next meeting soon—and alone, I doubted not. Oh, how I recall the trance into which I fell! never unconscious of the music which surrounded us, but absorbed utterly by the renewal in my heart of a force which I had thought spent long ago. I cannot smile at it even now, after so many years; time was killed that night, and I passed through ages in Love's school. I have ever believed in love at first sight; it may prove sad, unfortunate, or even faithless love, but that it can spring to full height in a day, or an hour, I know. So it was with me then—I loved this girl, whose very name was unknown to me, with all my soul, before I had spoken to her or touched her hand. Her right hand, ungloved perforce, lay sometimes

very near me, and I looked at it till I would have given my life once to take it up and hold it to my face and kiss it. 'Will she ever let me?' I thought. 'Or will she even come to hold it out to me, and then will the other follow, and will our eyes meet until our lips cannot refrain? Yes,' I answered in my heart, to all these things, 'yes, yes, or I shall die.' (Did my dying, then, matter so much that miracles must be wrought to save me? In those days I thought so.)

Meanwhile, my friend slept serenely on; if he dreamed also, surely his dreams were less wild than mine.

I felt my time of bliss was drawing to an end, for the opera would not last much longer, and a sudden impulse came over me to speak as soon as the music should cease, to give her the glove then, so that in the full light I should meet one look of her beautiful eyes, one meant for me only in the world that once. But afterwards it seemed to me that the cold glance of her father drawn upon us would prevent me from appearing before her in any other light than as the merest stranger doing an act of common courtesy, and I felt that I was more than that to her already, and as if she would know it if our eyes met but for a second with no one else looking on to break the grave, tremulous glance of newborn love. Then the idea that when I had given her the glove and she had gone out of sight I might not see her any more, began to press upon me, in spite of the faith I had felt a short time before, that we should certainly meet again. I believe that if the most fraudulent fortune-teller had stood by me at that moment and offered to show me my future life, I should have eagerly taken his offer; I would have clutched at the faintest hope any one could give me, and was working myself up to an intense state of nervous excitement, when signs of my friend awaking somewhat recalled me to reality. I tried to speak in an ordinary way.

'Well,' I said, 'it has been a magnificent performance this evening, but I'm afraid you have lost the latter part of it.'

'On the contrary,' replied my friend; 'my eyes have been closed, but I found it impossible to sleep; it was charming, my dear fellow, charming.'

I received his statement in silence, and as, refreshed by the slumber he had certainly taken, he now grew lively, I was torn in two between trying to answer him coherently, and still keeping a close watch upon the next box. Alas! the time was soon over,

for every one had risen, and I saw my love (yes, she was my love for that evening) rise also, and found her taller than most women are; and I noted, with jealous eyes, the careless manner in which her father folded her cloak about her and possessed himself of her fan and glass, all the time keeping his watch still upon the other side of the house. But that raised little curiosity in me, for was I not going soon to put my fate to the venture, and to speak to her, and perhaps hear her voice? Then there came a time which may have been two minutes but seemed to me eternity, during which we found our way into the corridor, and while my friend was expressing many apologies for leaving me abruptly, as he perceived a servant waiting for him with the expected message of haste, I all but lost sight of the head I was so eagerly watching. How I thanked Heaven that her carriage was late, so that when I reached the vestibule I found her still waiting there with others in the same case, and for one happy minute or two she stood full in my sight from head to foot; her eyes even met mine once, unconsciously, piercing through me without perceiving me—with unmistakable sadness, as it seemed to me, deep down in them. Quietly working my way through the throng, I moved nearer to her, and then instantly, among the different perfumes of scented dresses, the one I had recognised on the glove was clearly known to me, like a minor passage in a gay tune. The hem of her dress lay quite near me: I might not kiss it, so I would not touch it any way, or suffer it to be touched, but saw that no foot trampled upon it whilst I was there.

I was aroused by the loud shout of 'Somebody's carriage'—the name quite lost in the noise of the voice—but the lady moved forward instantly on the arm of her companion, and I followed. Just as she was about to enter her carriage, I was close to her, and with my pulses stopped, and my voice low and hurried, I heard myself say:

'I think you dropped this glove? I have the happiness of restoring it to you'—instead of, as my heart really clamoured, 'Give me this glove for pity's sake, for it was yours!'

She turned to me with a start, and made as if she would almost snatch it from me, when he whom I had called her father all the time stepped between us, quietly put out his hand to receive it, and said, with indescribable sarcasm, 'A thousand thanks; I am even more obliged to you than my wife is.' And raising his hat, he turned from me to help the terrified-looking girl into



the carriage; but before it had driven away, I saw him with hateful composure crumple the little glove like a rag in his hand, and turn to look with supreme indifference upon his young wife, who lay back with shut eyes and set face, like one who had met with sudden death.

What had I done? I had no clue to the mystery; one thing only I knew, that I had done harm where I would have given my life to do good, and was cruelly hurt myself at the same time. Oh! where was all the life I had made to myself that evening as I sat near her? Lived through and ended, quicker than the night itself. Why had I been in the same world, and never seen her until then? Why was I made to build up this untopped tower of hope, and then be left to guess at a life of misery for her, not knowing even towards what point of the heavens her windows looked through which each doleful day began?

Long did I linger on the spot where she left me, and was only roused at last by the mocking of some coarse passing voice, to know that I was quite alone—the crowd gone, lights out, doors shut behind me, and a pain at my heart, new and strong. The voice that had mocked me passed on, and I fell back into thought. ‘Has her jealous, cruel husband taunted her into life again, or has she opened her eyes and fronted him with that strange, set face, defying his power to torture her any longer?’ But my heart could answer none of these questions.

Slowly I turned into the mesh of narrow streets leading towards the high road, which I had to follow to my home: not that I cared to reach it now, for so firmly had I planted her in my life in those brief moments that my home seemed robbed of something to which I had expected to return.

The narrow streets were swept pure by the early morning wind, but I longed to get through them and into the lonely high road along which most of my walk lay. I knew a place there where I could stop and rest, and no one was likely to disturb me, a little wooden bench where the road rose steeply, thankfully used by dusty passengers in the daytime, but always, when I passed it at night, black and inhospitable-looking. This I presently reached, and sat down upon it, to think over the events of the evening in a way which the mere exercise of walking had prevented till then. ‘Oh for some clue to her life!’ I sighed, ‘for some means to reach and help her!’ Nothing else seemed worth living for. Her face in its extraordinary beauty came

before my eyes from time to time, and then in the ghastly way in which I had last seen it; and I wore my heart out to understand the mystery of the glove, the fierce jealousy of the man with his eyes ever on the watch, the sudden swoon of the frightened girl, and the very distraction of love that I felt for her. I do not remember to have formed any plan of trying to reach her; she seemed as utterly gone from me as if she had been snatched away in a cloud, and I had no other feeling than despair left.

An hour passed thus before the warmth which my heart gave to my body at all subsided, and then, though I grudged to feel that I was sensible of it, I became really chilly, and all things shivered together with me before the coming dawn: so I rose, and slowly went up the hill. I met nothing but huge wagons coming in to the great London market, the drivers heavily drowsing, with the reins in their weakened hands, and the big horses carefully making their way down from side to side of the road, after their custom. At the top of the hill, however, scarcely stronger in outline against the grey sky than her white hand had looked against her perfect throat that evening, I met a man who was pressing towards the great city as if it held all hope and fulfilment in it. I said to him mechanically, 'Good night!' He answered me cheerily, 'Good morning!' and then I remembered it must be between two and three o'clock.

I reached my own door soon after this, and smelt the wallflowers in the garden and the white hawthorn in the field beyond, standing for a moment to breathe their sweetness while I turned and looked down the road by which I had come, and over the dim city, just visible in the early green twilight. My heart was so full of her that it would not have seemed strange to me if she of whom I thought had come to meet me there and welcomed me as a lover who had been long away. Then as I entered the door and went up to my room, it felt almost ghostly, and I said to myself, 'Shall I find her dead on the ground there, as she looked the last moment I saw her?' But all was unchanged, and common things of common use fretted my eyes as they met them. I threw myself exhausted into a chair, letting fall at the same time the book of music which I had held mechanically all this time: it opened as it fell, at the same place where it had last been shut, and from between its leaves dropped the reading of the riddle—a small piece of thin, crumpled paper, written on both sides, which must

have fallen with the glove, unseen by me, and remained shut up in the book till then.

I read it—how could I forbear?—and it ended all for me; but O, the life it may have begun for her! where, and with whom?

Thus it ran, and had been written to her, but not by me:

‘My darling,—When first I wrung from you the sweet, sweet truth, that you loved me, you remember the vow you made me? Whenever I should say to you ‘Come,’ you would come—only that this was never to be brought about by my passion, but by your despair. You have not spoken, but I know your dear face, and it shows me the day has come. Your life is killed by his cursed cruelty, and now that he knows so much, there is no hope for you, poor child! I shall be to-night in my place opposite you: dear—you never look towards me, but I know your heart. And he will look, but never again on either of us two that he hates—for by your truth and love I know you will keep the old promise and come away to me—to me, Katherine, who love, love, love you—and let me save you a little time of life in another land. You know well the place and time for us to meet; it has long been planned. I say to you then, come, my love, my Katherine, and may Judas’ place in hell be higher than mine if ever I let your sweet eyes be dim with tears again. This little note from me to you to-night, my darling—to-morrow you come to me for ever and ever.’

There was no signature, but these words had been written to her by one she loved, and I had neither part nor lot in the matter. A feeling of the keenest jealousy shot through me, followed by sickening sadness, but beyond the barrier of that letter even my imagination about her could not pierce. Never since that day have I known another word about those unhappy souls whose secret had so strangely become mine.

Did she meet him, thinking all chance of life lost otherwise? How long had their love been? Had it been sudden and passionate as mine, or deep, sweet and slow as the rain soaks? Would it last? Would he be always true to her?

These questions I ask myself still, and find no answer. All that was left to me was one of the sweetest names in the world—‘Katherine’—to dream about, and the beauty of her face to remember, but not even one word spoken to me by her, to ponder over and give a thousand meanings to.

## SHAKESPEARE AND THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

### I.

ALONE among Shakespeare's published works, 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece' were printed and published on his initiative and under his supervision. They alone are prefaced by dedicatory epistles above the poet's signature, the one indisputable mark in Elizabethan literature of an author's control of publication. Both epistles are addressed to the same patron, Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton. In sentiment they present a curious contrast. In offering the Earl his first poem, Shakespeare modestly declares that if 'his lordship seem but pleased with his unpolished lines,' he will 'take advantage of all idle hours till he has honoured him with some graver labour.' Next year, when he dedicated his 'Lucrece' to the Earl, his tone had changed. The conventional self-depreciation of the literary *protégé* was merged in a personal friend's declaration of devotion. Thus, according to his own testimony, Shakespeare developed a genuine affection for the Earl between April 1593, the date of the publication of 'Venus and Adonis,' and May 1594, the date of the publication of 'Lucrece.'

Sir William D'Avenant possessed every opportunity of knowing the facts of Shakespeare's life, and he, from independent knowledge, attests that Shakespeare's intimacy with Southampton was no fleeting episode in his career. Nicholas Rowe, Shakespeare's first biographer, by way of illustrating 'the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's,' relates, on the authority of D'Avenant, 'that my Lord Southampton at one time gave [the poet] a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great and very rare at any time.' In presence of such evidence, Shakespeare's friendly relations with Southampton at the time that his genius was nearing its maturity are not to be disputed. No contemporary document or tradition gives the faintest suggestion that Shakespeare was friend or *protégé* of any other man of rank.

Southampton was a patron worth cultivating. Both his parents came of the New Nobility, and enjoyed vast wealth. His father, the second Earl, a large landowner in Hampshire, loved

magnificence in his household, and a whole troop of well-mounted gentlemen and yeomen was always in attendance on him. At a youthful age he married Mary, daughter of Anthony Browne, first Viscount Montague. Her portrait, now at Welbeck, was painted in her early married days, and shows regularly formed features beneath bright auburn hair. Shakespeare's friend, her son, was born at her father's residence, Cowdray House, near Midhurst, on October 6, 1573. He was thus Shakespeare's junior by nine years and a half. 'A goodly boy, God bless him!' exclaimed the gratified father, writing of his birth to a friend. On October 4, 1581, the child—two days before his eighth birthday—became, by his father's premature death, third Earl of Southampton. While almost in infancy, he entered on his great inheritance.

The little earl became a royal ward—'a child of state,' and Lord Burghley, the Prime Minister, acted as the boy's guardian. Burghley had good reason to be satisfied with his ward's intellectual promise. 'He spent,' wrote a contemporary, 'his childhood and other younger terms in the study of good letters.' At the age of twelve, in the autumn of 1585, he was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, 'the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all the University.' Southampton breathed easily the cultured atmosphere. Next summer he sent his guardian, Burghley, an essay in Ciceronian Latin on the precocious and somewhat cynical text that 'All men are moved to the pursuit of virtue by the hope of reward.' The paper, still preserved at Hatfield, is a model of calligraphy; every letter is shaped with delicate regularity, and betrays a refinement most uncommon in boys of thirteen.<sup>1</sup> Southampton remained at the University for some two years, graduating M.A. at sixteen, in 1589.

But after leaving Cambridge he sedulously cultivated his literary tastes. He took into his 'pay and patronage' John Florio, the well-known author and Italian tutor, and was soon, according to Florio, as thoroughly versed in Italian as 'teaching or learning' could make him.

'When he was young,' wrote a later admirer, 'no ornament of youth was wanting in him;' and it was naturally to the Court that his friends sent him at an early age to display his varied graces. He can hardly have been more than seventeen when he was presented to his sovereign. The Earl of Essex, her brilliant favourite, at once acknowledged his fascination.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Lord Salisbury I lately copied out this essay at Hatfield.

Southampton straightway entered with as much zest into the sports and dissipations of his fellow courtiers as into their literary and artistic pursuits. At tennis, in jousts and tournaments, he achieved distinction; nor was he a stranger to the delights of gambling at primero. In 1592, when he was in his eighteenth year, he was recognised as the most handsome and accomplished of all the young lords who frequented the royal presence. In the autumn of that year Elizabeth paid Oxford a visit in state. Southampton was in the throng of noblemen who bore her company. In a Latin poem describing the brilliant ceremonial, which was published at the time at the University Press, eulogy was lavished without stint on all the Queen's attendants; but the academic poet declared that Southampton's personal attractions exceeded those of any other in the royal train. 'No other youth who was present,' he wrote, 'was more beautiful than this prince of Hampshire (*quo non formosior alter affuit*), nor more distinguished in the arts of learning, although as yet tender down scarce bloomed on his cheek.' The last words testify to Southampton's boyish appearance. Next year it was rumoured that his 'external grace' was to receive signal recognition by his admission, despite his juvenility, to the Order of the Garter. 'There be no Knights of the Garter new chosen as yet,' wrote a well-informed courtier on May 3, 1593, 'but there were four nominated.' Three were eminent public servants, but first on the list stood the name of young Southampton. The purpose did not take effect, but the compliment of nomination at his age was without precedent outside the circle of the Sovereign's kinsmen. On November 17, 1595, he appeared in the lists set up in the Queen's presence in honour of the thirty-seventh anniversary of her accession. The poet George Peele pictured in blank verse the gorgeous scene, and likened the Earl of Southampton to that ancient type of chivalry, Bevis of Southampton, so 'valiant in arms,' so 'gentle and debonair,' did he appear to all beholders.

But clouds were rising on this sunlit horizon. Southampton, a wealthy peer without brothers or uncles, was the only male representative of his house. A lawful heir was essential to the entail of his great possessions. Early marriages—child-marriages—were in vogue in all ranks of society, and Southampton's mother and guardian regarded matrimony at a tender age as especially incumbent on him in view of his rich heritage. When he was seventeen Burghley accordingly offered him a wife

in the person of his granddaughter, Lady Elizabeth Vere, eldest daughter of his daughter Ann and of the Earl of Oxford. The Countess of Southampton approved the match and told Burghley that her son was not averse from it. Her wish was father to the thought. Southampton declined to marry to order, and, to the confusion of his friends, was still a bachelor when he came of age in 1594. Nor even then did there seem much prospect of his changing his condition. He was in some ways as young for his years in inward disposition as in outward appearance. Despite his rank and wealth, many ladies accounted him of too uncertain, too fickle a temper to sustain marital responsibilities with credit. Lady Bridget Manners, sister of his friend the Earl of Rutland, was in 1594 looking to matrimony for means of release from the servitude of a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. Her guardian suggested that Southampton or the Earl of Bedford, who was intimate with Southampton and exactly of his age, was an eligible suitor. Lady Bridget dissented. Southampton and his friend were, she objected, 'so young,' 'fantastical,' and volatile ('so easily carried away'), that should ill fortune befall her mother, who was 'her only stay,' she 'doubted their carriage of themselves.' She spoke, she said, from observation. In 1595, at two-and-twenty, Southampton justified Lady Bridget's censure by a public proof of his fallibility. The fair Mistress Vernon (first cousin of the Earl of Essex), a passionate beauty of the Court, cast her spell on him. In September the scandal spread that Southampton was courting her 'with too much familiarity.'

The entanglement with 'his fair mistress' opened a new chapter in Southampton's career, and life's tempests began in earnest. Either to free himself from his mistress's toils, or to divert attention from his intrigue, he in 1596 withdrew from Court and sought sterner occupation. Despite his mistress's lamentations, which the Court gossips duly chronicled, he played a part, with his friend Essex, in the military and naval expedition to Cadiz in 1596, and in that to Azores in 1597. He displayed much martial ardour. Mars (his admirers said) was vying with Mercury for his allegiance. He travelled on the continent, and finally, in 1598, he accepted a subordinate place in the suite of the Queen's Secretary, Sir Robert Cecil, who was going on an embassy to Paris. But Mistress Vernon was fated to be his ruin. Southampton learnt while in Paris that her condition rendered marriage essential to her decaying reputation. He hurried to London, and, yielding to her entreaties, secretly made her his wife during the few days that he stayed in this



country. The step was full of peril. To marry a lady of the Court without the Queen's consent infringed a prerogative of the Crown by which Elizabeth set exaggerated store. The story of his marriage was soon public property, and when he crossed the Channel a few weeks later to revisit his wife, who had become a mother, pursuivants carried him by the Queen's orders to the Fleet prison. For the time his career was blasted. Although soon released, all avenues to the Queen's favour were closed to him. He sought employment in the wars in Ireland, but high command was denied him. Helpless and hopeless, he late in 1600 joined Essex, another fallen favourite, in fomenting a rebellion in London, in order to regain by force the positions each had forfeited. The attempt at insurrection failed, and they stood their trial on a capital charge of treason. Southampton was condemned to die, but the Queen's secretary pleaded with her that 'the poor young Earl' was misled by his 'love of Essex,' and his punishment was commuted to imprisonment for life. Further mitigation was not to be looked for while the Queen lived. But the first act of James I. as monarch of England was to set Southampton free.

## II.

From earliest to latest manhood—throughout the dissipations of Court life, amid the torments that his intrigue cost him, in the distractions of war and travel—Southampton never ceased to cherish the passion for literature which was implanted in him in boyhood. His devotion to his old college, St. John's, is characteristic. When a new library was in course of construction there, Southampton collected books to the value of 360*l.* wherewith to furnish it. This 'monument of love,' as the college authorities described the benefaction, still adorns the college library. The gift largely consisted of illuminated manuscripts—books of hours, legends of the saints, and mediæval chronicles.

Even the State papers and business correspondence in which his career is traced are enlivened by references to his literary interests. Especially refreshing are the active signs vouchsafed there of his delight in the new-born English drama. In July 1599 his wife attested that the current drama was an everyday topic of their private talk.

All the news I can send you (she wrote to her husband in Ireland) that I think will make you merry, is that I read in a letter from London that Sir John Falstaff is, by his mistress Dame Pintpot, made father of a goodly miller's thumb—a boy that's all head and very little body; but this is a secret.

This cryptic sentence proves on the part of both Earl and Countess familiarity with Falstaff's adventures in Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.,' where the fat knight apostrophised Mrs. Quickly as 'good pint pot' (pt. i. ii. 4, 443). Who the acquaintances were about whom the Countess jested thus lightly does not appear, but that Sir John, the father of 'the boy that was all head and very little body,' was a playful allusion to Sir John's creator is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility. When, after leaving Ireland, Southampton spent the autumn of 1599 in London, it was recorded that he and his friend Lord Rutland 'come not to Court' but 'pass away the time merely in going to plays every day.' It seems that the fascination that the drama had for Southampton and his friends led them to exaggerate the influence that it was capable of exerting on the emotions of the multitude. Southampton and Essex in February 1601 requisitioned and paid for the revival of Shakespeare's 'Richard II.' at the Globe Theatre on the day preceding that fixed for their insurrection. They believed that the play-scene of the deposition of a king might excite the citizens of London to sympathy with their rebellious designs. Within a year of his release from the Tower Southampton entertained Queen Anne of Denmark at his house in the Strand with the 'old' play of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' whose 'wit and mirth' were calculated 'to please' Her Majesty 'exceedingly.'

But these are merely accidental testimonies to Southampton's literary predilections. It is in literature itself, not in the prosaic records of his political or domestic life, that the amplest proofs survive of his devotion to letters. From the hour that as a handsome and accomplished lad he joined the Court and made London his chief home, authors acknowledged his catholic appreciation of literary effort. He had in his Italian tutor Florio a mentor who allowed no work of promise to escape his notice, and every note in the scale of adulation was consequently sounded in his honour in contemporary prose and verse. Soon after the publication, in April 1593, of Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' a more youthful apprentice to the poet's craft, Barnabe Barnes, expressed in a published sonnet of unrestrained fervour his conviction that Southampton's eyes—'those heavenly lamps'—were the only sources of true poetic inspiration. Next year a writer of greater power, Tom Nash, betrayed little less enthusiasm when dedicating to the Earl his masterly essay in romance, 'The Life of Jack Wilton.' Nash describes Southampton, who was then scarcely of age, as 'a dear lover and cherisher as well of the lovers

of poets as of the poets themselves.' 'A new brain,' he exclaims, 'a new wit, a new style, a new soul, will I get me, to canonise your name to posterity.' A year later the versatile Gervase Markham inscribed to Southampton his patriotic poem on Sir Richard Grenville's glorious fight off the Azores. Markham was not content to acknowledge with Barnes the inspiring force of his patron's eyes, but dwelt almost blasphemously on the divine sweetness of his lips. Subsequently Florio, in associating the Earl's name with his great Italian-English dictionary—the 'World of Words'—more soberly defined the Earl's place in the republic of letters when he wrote: 'As to me and many more, the glorious and gracious sunshine of your honour hath infused light and life.'<sup>1</sup>

The most notable contribution to this chorus of praise is to be found, I have no doubt, in Shakespeare's 'Sonnets.' I do not regard that series of poems as embodying any connected story.<sup>2</sup> An unreasoning decree of fashion condemned every poet in England between 1590 and 1600 to expend much poetic energy on sonneteering, and Shakespeare's sonnets, although their supreme grandeur of thought and expression convicts of ineptitude nearly all contemporary efforts in the same line, were no less evolved in deference to the prevailing vogue. Some are masterly variations on themes—the ravages of lust, the vicissitudes of love, the immortalising power of verse—which have been the recognised property of sonneteers in all lands from days preceding Petrarch. Others read like genuine confessions of autobiography—of episodes in an all-absorbing friendship, and of a story of affections blighted by a disdainful mistress. But in the case of one who was so affluent in dramatic instinct and invention as Shakespeare it is unsafe to assert positively that he anywhere uses the language of his

<sup>1</sup> Like praises by Henry Locke, William Camden, George Chapman, Samuel Daniel, Richard Braithwaite, George Wither, and others could be quoted. Sir John Beaumont concluded his elegy on Southampton:—

'I keep that glory last which is the best,  
The love of learning, which he oft expressed  
In conversation, and respect to those  
Who had a name in arts, in verse, or prose.'

<sup>2</sup> No importance can be attached to the order in which Thorpe printed the 'Sonnets' in his unauthorised edition of 1609. When they were next reprinted, with others of Shakespeare's poems in 1640, they were arranged quite differently, and hardly less intelligently. The clumsily magniloquent dedication which Thorpe addressed on his own authority to Mr. W. H. does not concern the subject-matter of any of the sonnets. In the *Fortnightly Review* of last February I showed that Mr. W. H. was not the Earl of Pembroke. I believe I have identified him in the circle of publisher Thorpe's friends.

own heart instead of vivifying abstract emotion by force of his imagination. A genuine strain of autobiography can only be dogmatically assigned to the dozen or more sonnets that reveal their youthful subject in the character of the poet's literary patron (Nos. xxvi., xxxii., xxxviii., lxix., lxxviii.-lxxxvi.) In one or other of these dozen sonnets Shakespeare literally states that he is paying court to one who has encouraged his muse, and that with such effect that other poets are become competitors with him for the same stimulating influence. One at least of his rivals, he asserts, has received favours from his patron so marked that he despairs of his own hold on his regard.

That Southampton was the only known patron of Shakespeare to whom these declarations apply can be proved with almost mathematical certainty. At least three of the dozen 'dedicatory' sonnets merely clothe in poetic raiment the expressions of devotion which had already done duty in the dedicatory epistle of 'Lucrece.' That epistle to Southampton runs—

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part of all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meanwhile, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet xxvi. is a gorgeous rendering of these sentences—

Lord of my love<sup>1</sup> to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written ambassage,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
But then I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,

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<sup>1</sup> 'Lover' and 'love' in Elizabethan English were ordinary synonyms for 'friend' and 'friendship.' Brutus opens his address to the citizens of Rome with the words, 'Romans, countrymen, and *lovers*,' and subsequently describes Julius Cæsar as 'my best *lover*' (*Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2, 13-49). Portia, when referring to Antonio, the bosom friend of her husband Bassanio, calls him 'the bosom *lover* of my lord' (*Merchant of Venice*, iii. 4, 17). We have seen how Nash, when dedicating *Jack Wilton* to Southampton, calls him 'a dear *lover* . . . of the *lovers* of poets as of the poets themselves.'

And puts apparell on my tatter'd loving  
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect;  
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;  
 Till then not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

The epistle's intimation that the poet's love for his patron alone dignifies his 'untutored lines' is repeated in the somewhat despondent Sonnet xxxii.:

If thou survive my well-contented day  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,  
 And shalt my fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover, . . .  
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
 'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,  
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage:'  
 But since he died and poets better prove,  
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

A like vein is pursued in greater exaltation of spirit in Sonnet xxxviii.:

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
 O give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light? . . .  
 If my slight Muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

The central conceit, here so finely developed, that the patron may claim as his own handiwork the *protégé's* verse because he inspires it, belongs to the most conventional schemes of dedicatory adulation. When Daniel in 1592 inscribed his volume of sonnets entitled 'Delia' to the Countess of Pembroke, he played in the prefatory sonnet on the same note, and anticipated in the concluding couplet Shakespeare's own words. Daniel wrote:—

Great patroness of these my humble rhymes,  
 Which thou from out thy greatness dost inspire. . . .  
 O leave not still to grace thy work in me . . .  
 Whereof the travail I may challenge mine,  
 But yet the glory, madam, must be thine.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tyler assigns this sonnet to the year 1598 or later, on the fallacious ground that this line was probably imitated from an expression in Marston's *Pigmalion's Image*, published in 1598, where 'stanzas' are said to 'march rich bedight in warlike equipage.' The suggestion of plagiarism is quite gratuitous. The phrase was common in Elizabethan literature long before Marston employed it. Nash, in his preface to Green's *Menaphon*, which was published in 1589, wrote that the works of the poet Watson 'march in equipage of honour with any of your ancient poets.' I could quote other instances.

Among all Southampton's poetic panegyrists, Shakespeare, as far as extant evidence goes, was first in the field with the dedication of 'Venus and Adonis' in April 1593. Possibly before, certainly soon afterwards, he seems to have conceived the ambition of monopolising the young lord's patronage. But when in 1594 he dedicated 'Lucrece' to him in the language of friendship, others were echoing his strains, and were apostrophising the Earl as a 'dear lover' of more poets than one, and the infuser of 'light and life' into many poetic hearts. Shakespeare's protest against the liberal distribution of his patron's favour in the interval between the dates of publication of his first and second addresses to him—his fervid appeals to him to countenance his poetic eulogies alone—are clearly recorded in Sonnets LXXVIII.—LXXXVI. It was doubtless in the early summer of 1593 that Shakespeare read with misgiving Barnes's sonnet to the 'virtuous' Earl of Southampton, which concluded with the lines:—

Vouchsafe, right virtuous lord ! with gracious eyes  
 (Those heavenly lamps which give the Muses light,  
 Which give and take, in course, that holy fire),  
 To view my Muse with your judicial sight ;  
 Whom, when time shall have taught, by flight, to rise,  
 Shall to thy virtues of much worth aspire.

In another sonnet of little later date Markham addressed Southampton as 'the bright lamp of virtue, whose *eyes* doth crown the most victorious pen.' It was from his patron's eyes that Shakespeare claimed to 'derive his knowledge,' and he extolled their stimulating beauty throughout the 'Sonnets;' the range of their inspiring gaze he fancifully regarded as his own domain, and he openly resented other poets' intrusion. Sonnet LXXVIII. opens with the lament that 'every alien pen hath got its writer's use' of dispersing poetry under his patron's name. It was doubtless in derisive allusion to Barnes's panegyric on the Earl's eyes, and to that really promising poet's avowed ambition 'by flight to rise,' that Shakespeare proceeded to warn their common patron:

*Thine eyes* have taught the dumb on high to sing  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly.

Barnes's repeated ascription to Southampton of 'virtue' as well as of beauty apparently prompted Shakespeare's ingeniously scornful censure in the succeeding sonnet—

Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,

And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

Many others of Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed to a handsome youth of wealth and rank for whom the poet avows affection. Although no specific reference is made outside the dozen 'dedicatory' sonnets to the youth as a literary patron,<sup>1</sup> and the clues to his identity are elsewhere vaguer, there is good ground for the conclusion that the sonnets of 'disinterested friendship' also have Southampton for their subject. The poet's autobiographic sincerity may often be doubted in these poems, but they seem to take their rise in a real acquaintanceship which may well have been that subsisting between Shakespeare and a young Mæcenas. 'Gross painting' was habitual to the epistolary intercourse of Elizabethan patron and *protégé*, and the warmth of colouring which distinguishes many of the sonnets that Shakespeare, under the guise of disinterested friendship, addressed to the youth can be often paralleled in the adulation showered on patrons. Barnes and Markham confessed their yearnings for Southampton's favour in sonnets which glow hardly less ardently than Shakespeare's with admiration for his personal charm.

There is no compliment paid the youth in Shakespeare's sonnets of friendship that does not readily apply to Southampton. 'Beauty, birth, wealth, and wit' sat 'crowned' in the Earl in real life as plainly as in the hero of the poet's verse. Each was 'as fair in knowledge as in hue.' The opening sequence of seventeen sonnets in which a youth of rank and wealth is admonished to marry and beget a son so that 'his fair house' may not fall into decay can only have been addressed to a young peer like Southampton, who was as yet unmarried, had vast possessions, and was the sole male representative of his family. The sonneteer's exclamation, 'You had a father, let your son say so!' had pertinence to Southampton at any period between his father's death in his boyhood and the close of his bachelorhood in 1598. The 'lascivious comment' on the nameless youth's 'wanton sport' which pursues him through

<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere in the 'Sonnets' we hear fainter echoes of the 'Lucrece' epistle. Repeatedly does the sonneteer renew the assurance given there that his patron is 'part of all' he has or is: cf. 'I by a *part of all* thy glory live' (xxxvii. 12); 'Thou art *all the better part of me*' (xxxix. 2); 'My spirit is thine . . . *the better part of me*' (lxxiv. 8). While 'the love without end' which Shakespeare had vowed to Southampton in the light of day reappears in sonnets addressed to the youth as 'eternal love' (cviii. 9) and a devotion 'what shall have no end' (cx. 9).



the sonnets obviously associates itself with Southampton's youthful reputation at court.<sup>1</sup>

There is no force in the objection that the young man of the sonnets must have been another than Southampton because the terms in which he is often addressed imply extreme youth. In 1593, a date to which I refer very many of the sonnets, Southampton was no more than twenty, and the young man had obviously reached manhood. Shakespeare, already worn in worldly experience, was in 1593 nearly thirty, and, while on the threshold of middle life, he might well have exaggerated the youthfulness of a 'fantastical' nobleman almost ten years his junior, who even later impressed his acquaintances by his boyish appearance and disposition.<sup>2</sup> When he was twenty-one Lady Bridget thought Southampton, as we have seen, too young for a husband. 'Young' was the epithet invariably applied to him by all who knew anything of him even when he was twenty-eight. In 1601 Sir Robert Cecil referred to him as the 'poor young Earl.'

The most striking evidence of the identity of the youth of the sonnets with Southampton is found in the likeness of feature and complexion which characterises the poet's description of the youth's outward appearance and the extant pictures of Southampton as a young man. Shakespeare's many references to his youth's 'painted counterfeit' (xvi., xxiv., xlvii., lxvii.) suggest that his hero often sat for his portrait. Southampton's countenance survives in probably more canvases than any of his contemporaries. At least ten extant portraits have been identified on good authority—seven paintings, a miniature by Isaac Oliver, and two contemporary prints. Most of these, it is true, portray their subject in middle age, when the roses of youth had faded, and contribute little to the present argument. But two portraits that are now at Welbeck, the property of the Duke of Portland, give all the information that can be desired of Southampton's aspect 'in his youthful morn.'<sup>3</sup> One of these

<sup>1</sup> Cf. xcv. line 6, and xcvi. line 1.

<sup>2</sup> Octavius Cæsar at thirty-two is described by Mark Antony after the battle of Actium as the 'boy Cæsar' who 'wears the rose of youth' (*Antony and Cleopatra* III. ii. 17 seq.). Conversely it was a recognised convention among sonneteers to exaggerate their own age. Drayton at thirty-one wrote 'Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face' (*Idea* xlv. 1594). At a similar age Shakespeare spoke of himself as 'beated and chopped with tanned antiquity' (Sonnet LXII.).

<sup>3</sup> I describe these pictures from an inspection of them which the Duke kindly invited me to make. In the middle-life portraits Southampton appears to best advantage in the fine painting by Van Somer, which is the property of James

pictures represents the Earl at about twenty-one, and the other at twenty-five or twenty-six. The earlier portrait shows a young man resplendently attired. His doublet is of white satin; the sword-belt, embroidered in red and gold, is decorated at intervals with white silk bows; the hilt of the rapier is overlaid with gold. But the head is more interesting than the body. The eyes are blue, the cheeks pink, the complexion clear, and the expression sedate; rings are in the ears; the incipient beard and moustache are of the same auburn hue as the tresses in the Welbeck picture of Southampton's mother. But, however scanty is the down on the youth's cheek, the hair on his head is luxuriant. It falls over and below the shoulder. The colour is now of walnut, but there is no doubt that the tint was originally lighter.

The portrait depicting Southampton five or six years later shows him in prison, doubtless after his marriage. A cat and a book in a jewelled binding are on a desk at his right hand. Here blonde hair falls over his shoulders in even greater profusion than in the earlier picture. The beard and thin upturned moustache, fuller than before although still slight, are of lighter auburn. The blue eyes and colouring of the cheeks show signs of ill-health, but differ little from those features in the earlier portrait.<sup>1</sup>

From either of the two Welbeck portraits of Southampton might Shakespeare have drawn his picture of the youth in the 'Sonnets.' Many times does he tell us that the youth is fair in complexion, and that his eyes are fair. In Sonnet LXVIII., when he points to the youth's face as a map of what beauty was—'without all ornament itself and true'—before fashion sanctioned the use of artificial 'golden tresses,' there can be little doubt that he had in mind the abundant locks that fell about Southampton's neck.

A few only of the sonnets that Shakespeare addressed to the youth can, in my view, be allotted to a later date than 1594. But two at least bear on their surface signs of far later production. In Sonnet LXX. the poet no longer credits his hero with juvenile wantonness, but with a 'stainless prime,' which has 'passed by the ambush of young days.' I believe, too, that Sonnet CVII. was

Knowles, Esq. The auburn beard and blue eyes of the Welbeck portraits are there seen to better effect than in the much later portraits by Mireveldt, one of which—in the National Portrait Gallery—gives the hair and eyes a darker hue.

<sup>1</sup> Southampton's singularly long hair procured him at times unwelcome attentions. When, in January 1598, in the presence-chamber at Whitehall, he refused to obey the summons of an esquire of the body to break off a game of primero, the esquire is stated to have 'pulled off some of the Earl's locks.'

penned almost a decade after the mass of its companions, for it makes references that cannot be mistaken to Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603 and the accession of James I.:

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

It is in almost identical phrase that every pen in the spring of 1603 was felicitating the nation on the unexpectedly happy turn of events by which Elizabeth's crown had passed, without civil war, to the Scottish King, and thus was averted the revolution that had been foretold as the inevitable consequence of Elizabeth's demise. Cynthia (*i.e.* the moon) was the Queen's recognised poetic appellation, and almost all the poets who mourned her loss typified it as the 'eclipse' of a heavenly body. At the same time James was constantly said to have entered on his inheritance 'not with an olive branch in his hand, but with a whole forest of olives round about him, for he brought not peace to this kingdom alone' but to all Europe.

'The drops of this most balmy time,' in this same sonnet (CVIL), can be nothing but an echo of another current strain of fancy. James came to England in a springtide of rarely rivalled clemency. 'All things look fresh,' the poets sang, 'to greet his excellence.' 'The air, the seasons, and the earth' were represented as in sympathy with the general joy.

One source of grief alone was acknowledged. Southampton was still a prisoner in the Tower, 'supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.' All men, wrote the diarist Manningham on the day following the Queen's death, wished him at liberty. The wish was to be fulfilled quickly. On April 10, 1603, his prison gates were opened by 'a warrant from the king.' So bountiful a beginning of the new era, wrote Manningham, 'raised all men's spirits . . . and the very poets with their idle pamphlets promised themselves' great things. Samuel Daniel and John Davies celebrated Southampton's release in buoyant verse. It is improbable that Shakespeare remained silent. 'My love looks fresh,' he wrote in the concluding lines of Sonnet CVII., in which he finally promised his friend life in his 'poor rhyme' 'when tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.' It is impossible to resist the inference that with this proud vaunt Shakespeare saluted his patron on the death of his tyrant and the close of his days of tribulation.

SIDNEY LEE.

### AT FUTUNA RECRUITING.

DURING a whaling cruise in the South Pacific, we had been obliged to release nearly all the Kanaka portion of our crew at Vau Vau, under the terms of their agreement. It was then decided to seek recruits at Futuna, or Horn Island. After about a fortnight's dilatory sail, we had accomplished our distance, and hove to for the night. In accordance with our expectations, break of day revealed the twin masses of Futuna ahead, some ten or fifteen miles away. With the fine steady breeze blowing, by breakfast time we were off the entrance to a pretty bight, where sail was shortened, and the ship hove to. Captain Count did not intend to anchor, for reasons of his own, but he was assured that there was no need to do so. Nor was there. Although the distance from the beach was considerable, we could see numbers of canoes putting off, and very soon they began to arrive. Now some of the South Sea Islands are famous for the elegance and seaworthiness of their canoes; nearly all of them have a distinctly definite style of canoe-building peculiar to each group, but here at Futuna was a bewildering collection of almost every type of canoe in the wide world. Dug-outs, with outriggers on one side, on both sides, with none at all; canoes built like boats, like prams, like irregular egg-boxes; many looking like the first boyish attempt to knock something together that would float; and, not to unduly prolong the list by attempted classification of these unclassed craft, *coracles*. Yes; in that lonely Pacific island, among that motley crowd of floating nondescripts, were specimens of the ancient coracle of our own islands, constructed in exactly the same way—that is, of wicker-work covered with some waterproof substance, whether skin or tarpaulin. But the ingenious Kanaka, not content with his coracles, had gone one better, and copied them in dug-outs of solid timber. The resultant vessel was a sort of cross between a butcher's tray and a washbasin—

A thing beyond

Conception: such a wretched wherry,

Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,

Or crossed a ferry.

The proud possessors of the coracles, both wicker and wood, must have been poor indeed, for they did not even own a paddle, pro-

PELLING their basins through the water with their hands. It may be imagined what a pace they put on. At a little distance they were very puzzling, looking more like a water-beetle grown fat and lazy than aught else.

And so, in everything floatable, the whole male population of that part of the coast came to visit us. We were speedily the centre of a great crowd of canoes, some of which were continually capsizing and spilling their occupants, who took no more notice of such incidents than one would of a sneeze. Underneath a canoe or on top made but little difference to these amphibious creatures. They brought nothing with them to trade; in fact, very few of their vessels were capable of carrying anything that could not swim and take care of itself. As they came on board each crossed himself more or less devoutly, revealing the teaching of a Roman Catholic mission, and as they called to one another it was not hard to recognise, even in their native garb, such names as Errénéo (Irenæus), Al'séo (Aloysius), and other favourite cognomens of saints.

A laughing, chattering, good-tempered crowd they were, just like a bevy of children breaking up, and apparently destitute of the slightest sense of responsibility. They spoke a totally different dialect, or maybe language, from those of Vau Vau, for it was only an isolated word here and there that Samuela could make out. But presently, going forward through the crowd that thronged every part of the deck, I saw a man leaning nonchalantly against the rail by the fore-rigging who struck me at once as being an American negro. The most casual observer would not have mistaken him for a Kanaka of those latitudes, though he might have passed as a Papuan. He was dressed in all the dignity of a woollen shirt, with a piece of fine 'tapa' for a waist-cloth, feet and legs bare. Around his neck was a necklace composed of a number of strings of blue and white beads plaited up neatly, and carrying as a pendant a George shilling. Going up to him, I looked at the coin, and said, 'Belitani money.' 'Oh yes,' he said, 'that's a shilling of old Georgey Four,' in perfectly good English, but with an accent which quite confirmed my first idea. I at once invited him aft to see the skipper, who was very anxious to find an interpreter among the noisy crowd, besides being somewhat uneasy at having so large a number on board.

To the captain's interrogations he replied that he was 'Tui Tongoa'—that is, King of Tongoa, an island a little distance away

but that he was at present under a cloud, owing to the success of a usurper, whom he would reckon with by and by.

In the meantime he would have no objection to engaging himself with us as a harpooner, and would get us as many men as we wanted, selecting from among the crowd on board fellows that would, he knew, be useful to us.

A bargain was soon struck, and Tui entered upon his self-imposed task. It was immediately evident that he had a bigger contract on hand than he had imagined. The natives, who had previously held somewhat aloof from him in a kind of deferential respect, no sooner got wind of the fact that we needed some of them than they were seized with a perfect frenzy of excitement. There were, I should think, at least a hundred and fifty of them on board at the time. Of this crowd every member wanted to be selected, pushing his candidature with voice and gesture as vigorously as he knew how. The din was frightful. Tui, centre of the frantic mob, strove vainly to make himself heard, to reduce the chaos to some sort of order, but for a great while it was a hopeless attempt. At last, extricating himself from his importunate friends, he gained the captain's side. Panting, almost breathless, with sweat streaming off him, he gasped out, 'Oh, Cap'n, dese yer darn niggers all gone mad. Dribe 'em oberbord. Clar 'em out, 'n I'll stan' by to grab some o' der likely ones as de res' scatter.' 'But what about the wages?' said the skipper. 'I'm not goin' ter give 'em whatever they like to ask.' 'You leab it ter me, Cap'n. I bet you'll be satisfy. Anyhow, dish yers no time fer tradin'. De blame niggers' all off dere coco-nuts. Anybody fink you'se payin' off 'stead o' shippin', an' deyse all afraid dey won't get 'nough.'

Unpleasant as the job was to all of us, it had to be done, so we armed ourselves with ropes' ends, which we flourished most threateningly, avoiding, where possible, any actual blows. Many sprang overboard at once, finding their way ashore or to their canoes as best they could. The majority, however, had to swim, for we now noticed that, either in haste or from carelessness, they had in most cases omitted to fasten their canoes securely when coming alongside, so that many of them were now far out to sea. The distance to shore being under three miles, that mattered little as far as their personal safety was concerned.

This summary treatment was eminently successful, quiet being rapidly restored, so that Tui was able to select a dozen



men, who, he declared, were the best in the island for our purpose. Although it seems somewhat premature to say so, the general conduct of the successful candidates was so good as to justify Tui fully in his eulogium. Perhaps his presence had something to do with it.

We now had all that we came for, so that we were anxious to be off. But it was a job to get rid of the visitors still remaining on board. They stowed themselves away in all manner of corners, in some cases ludicrously inadequate as hiding-places, and it was not until we were nearly five miles from the land that the last of them plunged into the sea and struck out for home. It was very queer. Ignorant of our destination, of what would be required of them; leaving a land of ease and plenty for a certainty of short commons and hard work, without preparation or farewells; I do not think I ever heard of such a strange thing before. Had their home been famine or plague-stricken, they could not have evinced greater eagerness to leave it, or to face the great unknown.

As we drew farther off the island the wind freshened, until we had a good whole sail breeze blustering behind us, the old ship making, with her usual generous fuss, a tremendous rate of seven knots an hour. Our course was shaped for the southward, towards the Bay of Islands, New Zealand. In that favourite haunt of the Southseaman we were to wood and water, find letters from home (those who had one), and prepare for the stormy south.

Obviously the first thing to be done for our new shipmates was to clothe them. When they arrived on board, all, with the single exception of Tui, were furnished with a 'maro' of 'tapa,' scanty in its proportions, but still enough to wrap round their loins. But when they were accepted for the vacant positions on board they cast off even the slight apology for clothing which they had worn, flinging the poor rags to their retreating and rejected compatriots. Thus they were strutting about in native majesty unclad, which, of course, could not be endured among even so unconventional a crowd as we were. So they were mustered aft, and, to their extravagant delight, a complete rig out was handed to each of them, accompanied by graphic instructions how to dress themselves. Very queer they looked when dressed, but queerer still not long afterwards, when some of them, galled by the unaccustomed restraint of trousers, were seen prowling about with shirts tied round their waists by the sleeves,



and pants twisted turban-wise about their heads. Tui was called and requested to inform them that they must dress properly after the fashion of the white man, for that any impromptu improvements upon our method of clothes-wearing could not be permitted. As they were gentle, tractable fellows, they readily obeyed, and, though they must have suffered considerably, there were no further grounds for complaint on the score of dress.

It has been already noticed that they were Roman Catholics—all except Tui, who, from his superior mental elevation, looked down upon their beliefs with calm contempt, although really a greater heathen than any of them had ever been. It was quite pathetic to see how earnestly they endeavoured to maintain the form of worship to which they had been accustomed, though how they managed without their priest I could not find out. Every evening they had prayers together, accompanied by many crossings and genuflexions, and wound up by the singing of a hymn in such queer Latin that it was almost unrecognisable. After much wondering I did manage to make out 'O Salutaris Hostia' and 'Tantum Ergo,' but not until their queer pronunciation of consonants had become familiar. Some of the hymns were in their own tongue, only one of which I can now remember. Phonetically, it ran thus:—

Mah-lee-ah, Koll-e-ya leek-ee;  
 Ohselloh mo mallamah.  
 Alofab, keea ma toh;  
 Fah na oh, Mah lah ee ah.

which I understood to be a native rendering of 'O Stella Maris.' It was sung to the well-known 'Processional' in good time, and on that account I suppose fixed itself in my memory.

When any of them were ordered aloft, they never failed to cross themselves before taking to the rigging, as if impressed with a sense of their chance of not returning again in safety. To me was given the congenial task of teaching them the duties required, and I am bound to admit that they were willing, biddable, and cheerful learners. Another very amiable trait in their characters was especially noticeable: they always held everything in common. No matter how small the portion received by any one, it was always scrupulously shared with the others who lacked, and this subdivision was often carried to ludicrous lengths.

As there was no reason to hurry south, we took a short cruise on the Vasquez ground, more, I think, for the purpose of training

our recruits than anything else. As far as the results to our profit were concerned, we might almost as well have gone straight on, for we took only one small cow cachalot. But the time spent thus cruising was by no means wasted. Before we left finally for New Zealand every one of those Kanakas was as much at home in the whaleboats as he would have been in a canoe. Of course they were greatly helped by their entire familiarity with the water, which took from them all that dread of being drowned which hampers the white 'greenie' so sorely. Besides which, the absolute confidence they had in our prowess amongst the whales freed them from any fear on that head.

Tui proved himself to be a smart harpooner, and was chosen for the captain's boat. During our conversations I was secretly amused to hear him allude to himself as Sam, thinking how little it accorded with his *soi-disant* Kanaka origin. He often regaled me with accounts of his royal struggles to maintain his rule, all of which narrations I received with a goodly amount of reserve, though confirmed in some particulars by the Kanakas when I became able to converse with them. But I was hardly prepared to find, as I did some time after, upon looking up some detail in Findlay's 'South Pacific Directory,' this worthy alluded to as 'the celebrated Sam' in a brief account of Futuna. There he was said to be king of the twin isles, so I suppose he found means to oust his rival and resume his sovereignty; though how an American negro, as Sam undoubtedly was, ever managed to gain such a position, remains to me an unfathomable mystery. Certainly, he did not reveal any such masterful attributes as one would have expected in him while he served as harpooner on board the *Cachalot*.

Gradually we crept south, until one morning we sighted the towering mass of Sunday Island, the principal member of the small Kermadec group, which lies nearly on the prime meridian of 180°, and but a short distance north of the extremity of New Zealand. We had long ago finished the last of our fresh provisions, and fish had been very scarce, so the captain seized the opportunity to give us a run ashore, and at the same time instructed us to do such foraging as we could. It was rumoured that there were many wild pigs to be found, and certainly abundance of goats, but if both these sources of supply failed we could fall back on fish, of which we were almost sure to get a good haul.

The island is a stupendous mass of rock rising sheer from the waves, in some places to a height of 1,500 feet. These towering cliffs are clothed with verdure, large trees clinging to their precipitous sides in a marvellous way. Except at one small bight, known as Denham Bay, the place is inaccessible, not only from the steepness of its cliffs, but because, owing to its position, the gigantic swell of the South Pacific assails those immense bastions with a force and volume that would destroy instantly any vessel that unfortunately ventured too near. Denham Bay, however, is in some measure protected by reefs of scattered boulders, which break the greatest volume of the oncoming rollers. Within those protecting barriers, with certain winds, it is possible to effect a landing with caution, but even then no tiro in boat-handling should venture to do so, as the experiment would almost certainly be fatal to boat and crew.

We hove to off the little bay, the waters of which looked placid enough for a pleasure party, lowered two boats well furnished with fishing gear, and such other equipment as we thought would be needed, and pulled away for the landing-place. As we drew near the beach we found that in spite of the hindrance to the ocean swell afforded by the reefs it broke upon the beach in rollers of immense size. In order to avoid any mishap, then, we turned the boats' heads to seaward, and gently backed towards the beach, until a larger breaker than usual came thundering in. As it rushed towards us we pulled lustily to meet it, the lovely craft rising to its foaming crest like seabirds. Then, as soon as we were on its outer slope we reversed the stroke again, coming in on its mighty shoulders at racing speed. The instant our keels touched the beach we all leapt out, and, exerting every ounce of strength we possessed, ran the boats up high and dry before the next roller had time to do more than hiss harmlessly around our feet. It was a task of uncommon difficulty, for the shore was wholly composed of loose lava and pumice-stone grit, into which we sank ankle deep at every step, besides being exceedingly steep.

We managed, however, to escape without any mishap, for the drenching was a boon to our burnt-up skins. Off we started along the level land, which, as far as I could judge, extended inland for perhaps a mile and a half by about two miles wide. From this flat shelf the cliffs rose perpendicularly as they did from the sea. Up their sides were innumerable goat tracks, upon some of which

we could descry a few of those agile creatures climbing almost like flies. The plateau was thickly wooded, many of the trees having been fruit-bearing once; but now, much to our disappointment, they were barren from neglect.

A ruined house, surrounded by other vestiges of what had once been a homestead, stood in the middle of this piece of land. Feeling curious to know what the history of this isolated settlement might be, I asked the mate if he knew anything of it. He told me that an American named Halstead, with his family, lived here for years, visited only by an occasional whaler, to whom they sold such produce as they might have and be able to spare at the time. What their previous history had been, or why they thus chose to cut themselves off from the world, he did not know, but they seemed contented enough with their tiny kingdom, nor had any wish to leave it. But it came to pass that one night they felt the sure and firm-set earth trembling convulsively beneath their feet. Rushing out of their house, they saw the heavens bespread with an awful pall of smoke, the underside of which was glowing with the reflected fires of some vast furnace. Their terror was increased by a smart shower of falling ashes and the reverberations of subterranean thunders. At first they thought of flight in their boat, not reckoning the wide stretch of sea which rolled between them and the nearest land; but the height and frequency of the breakers then prevailing made that impossible.

Their situation was pitiable in the extreme. During the years of peace and serenity they had spent here no thought of the insecurity of their tenure had troubled them. Though they had but been dwellers on the threshold of the mountain, as it were, any extension of their territory being impossible by reason of the insurmountable barrier around them, they had led an untroubled life, all unknowing of the fearful forces beneath their feet. But now they found the foundations of the rocks beneath breaking up, that withering incessant shower of ashes and scorix destroyed all their crops, the mild and delicate air was changed into a heavy sulphurous miasma, while overhead the beneficent face of the bright blue sky had become a horrible canopy of deadly black, about which played lurid coruscations of infernal fires.

What they endured throughout those days and nights of woe could never be told. They fled from the home they had reared with such abundance of loving labour, taking refuge in a cave, for not even the knowledge that the mountain itself seemed to be in

the throes of dissolution could entirely destroy their trust in those apparently eternal fastnesses. Here their eldest son died, worried to death by incessant terror. At last a passing whaler, remembering them and seeing the condition of things, had the humanity and courage to stand in near enough to see their agonised signals of distress. All of them, except the son, buried but a day or two before, were safely rescued and carried away, leaving the terrible mountain to its own solitude.

As I listened, I almost involuntarily cast my eyes upwards, nor was I at all surprised to see far overhead a solitary patch of smoky cloud, which I believe to have been a sure indication that the volcano was still liable to commence operations at any time.

So far we had not happened upon any pigs, or goats either, although we saw many indications of the latter odoriferous animal. There were very few sea birds to be seen, but in and out among the dense undergrowth ran many short-legged brown birds something like a partridge, the same, I believe, as we afterwards became familiar with in Stewart's Island by the name of 'Maori hens.' They were so tame and inquisitive that we had no difficulty in securing a few by the simple process of knocking them over with sticks. From the main branch of a large tree hung a big honeycomb, out of which the honey was draining upon the earth. Around it buzzed a busy concourse of bees, who appeared to us so formidable that we decided to leave them to the enjoyment of their sweet store.

So far our rambling had revealed nothing of any service to us, but just then, struck by the appearance of a plant which was growing profusely in a glade we were passing over, I made bold to taste one of the leaves. What the botanical name of the vegetable is I don't know, but under the designation of 'Maori cabbage' it is well known in New Zealand. It looks like a lettuce running to seed, but it tastes exactly like young turnip-tops, and is a splendid antiscorbutic. What its discovery meant to us I can hardly convey to any one who does not know what an insatiable craving for potatoes and green vegetables possesses seamen when they have for long been deprived of these humble but necessary articles of food. Under the circumstances no 'find' could have given us greater pleasure—that is, in the food line—than this did.

Taking it all round, however, the place, as a foraging ground, was not a success. We chased a goat of very large size, and beard voluminous as a rabbi's, into a cave, which may have been

the one the Halsteads took shelter in, for we saw no other. One of the Kanakas volunteered to go in after him with a line, and did so. The resultant encounter was the best bit of fun we had had for many a day. After a period of darksome scuffling within, the entangled pair emerged, fiercely wrestling, Billy being to all appearance much the fresher of the two. Fair play seemed to demand that we should let them fight it out, but, sad to say, the other Kanakas couldn't see things in that light, and Billy was soon despatched. Rather needless killing too, for no one, except at starvation point, could have eaten the poor remains of leathery flesh that still decorated that weather-beaten frame. He must have been as old as Robinson Crusoe's goat, although his vigour was so great.

But this sort of thing was tiring and unprofitable. The interest of the place soon fizzled out when it was found there was so little worth taking away, so as the day was getting on it was decided to launch off and start fishing. In a very few minutes we were afloat again, and anchored in about four fathoms, in as favourable a spot for our sport as ever I saw. Fish swarmed about us of many sorts, but principally of the kauwhai, a kind of mullet, very plentiful about Auckland, and averaging five or six pounds. Much to my annoyance, we had not been able to get any bait except a bit of raw salt pork, which hardly any fish but the shark tribe will look at. Had I known or thought of it, a bit of goat would have been far more attractive.

However, as there was no help for it, we baited up and started. 'Nary nibble ermong 'em,' growled Sam, as we sat impatiently waiting for a bite. When we hauled up to see what was wrong, fish followed the hooks up in hundreds, letting us know as plainly as possible that they only wanted something tasty. It was outrageous, exasperating beyond measure. At last Samuela grew so tired of it that he seized his harpoon and hurled it into the middle of a company of kauwhai that were calmly nosing around the bows. By the merest chance he managed to impale one of them upon the broad point. It was hardly in the boat before I had seized it, scaled it, and cut it into neat little blocks. All hands rebaited with it and flung out again. The change was astounding. Up they came, two at a time, dozens and dozens of them; kauwhai, cavallè, yellow-tail, schnapper: lovely fish of delicious flavour and goodly size. Then one of us got a fish which made him yell 'Shark, shark!' with all his might. He had a small line



of American cotton, staunch as copper wire, but dreadfully cutting to the hands. When he took a turn round the loggerhead the friction of the running line cut right into the white oak, but the wonderful cord and hook still held their own. At last the monster yielded, coming in at first inch by inch, then more rapidly, till raised in triumph above the gunwale, a yellow-tail six feet long. I have caught this splendid fish (*Elagatis bipinnulatus*) many times before and since then, but never did I see such a grand specimen as this one—no, not by thirty or forty pounds. Then I got a giant cavallè. His broad shield-like body blazed hither and thither as I struggled to ship him, but it was long ere he gave in to superior strength and excellence of line and hook.

Meanwhile the others had been steadily increasing our cargo, until, feeling that we had quite as much fish as would suffice us, besides being really a good load, I suggested a move towards the ship. We were lying within about half a mile of the shore, where the extremity of the level land reached the cliffs. Up one of the well-worn tracks a fine fat goat was slowly creeping, stopping every now and then to browse upon the short herbage that clung to the crevices of the rock. Without saying a word, Polly the Kanaka slipped over the side and struck out with swift overhead strokes for the foot of the cliff. As soon as I saw what he was after I shouted loudly for him to return, but he either could not or would not hear me. The fellow's seal-like ability as a swimmer was of course well known to me, but I must confess I trembled for his life in such a weltering whirl of rock-torn sea as boiled among the crags at the base of that precipice. He, however, evidently knew what he was going to do, and, though taking risks which would have certainly been fatal to an ordinary swimmer, was quite unafraid of the result.

We all watched him breathlessly as he apparently headed straight for the biggest outlying rock, a square black boulder about the size of an ordinary railway car. He came up to it on the summit of a foaming wave, but just as I looked for him to be dashed in pieces against its adamantine sides he threw his legs into the air and disappeared. A stealthy satisfied smile glowed upon Samuela's rugged visage, and as he caught my eye he said jauntily, 'Polly savee too much. Lookie him come ontotop one time.' I looked, and, sure enough, there was the daring villain crawling up among the kelp far out of reach of the hungry rollers. It was a truly marvellous exhibition of coolness and skill.

Without waiting an instant, he began to stalk the goat,



dodging amongst the bushes with feet that clung to the steep sides of the cliff as well as the animal's. Before he could reach her she had winded him and was off up the track. He followed without further attempt to hide himself, but despite his vigour and ability would, I fancy, have stood a microscopic chance of catching her, had she not been heavy with kid. As it was, he had all his work cut out for him. When he did catch her, she made so fierce a struggle for life and liberty that in the endeavour to hold her he missed his insecure foothold, and the pair came tumbling over and over down the cliff in a miniature avalanche of stones and dust. At the bottom they both lay quiet for a time, while I anxiously waited, fearing the rash fool was seriously injured. But in a minute or two he was on his feet again.

Lashing the goat to his body and ignoring her struggles, he crawled out as far among the rocks as he could, then at the approach of a big breaker he dived to meet it, coming up outside its threatening top like a lifebuoy. I pulled in as near as I could venture to pick him up, and in a few minutes had him safely on board again, but suffering fearfully. In his roll down the cliff he had been without his trousers, which would have been some protection to him. Consequently his thighs were deeply cut and torn in many places, while the brine entering so many wounds, though a grand styptic, must have tortured him unspeakably. At any rate, though he was a regular stoic to bear pain, he fainted while I was 'dressing him down' in the most vigorous language I could command for his foolhardy trick. Then we all realised what he must be going through, and felt that he was getting all the punishment he deserved, and more. The goat, poor thing, seemed none the worse for her rough handling,

The mate gave the signal to get back on board just as Polly revived, so there were no inconvenient questions asked, and we returned alongside in triumph, with such a cargo of fish as would have given us a good month's pay all round could we have landed it at Billingsgate. Although the mate had not succeeded as well as we, the catch of the two boats aggregated half a ton, not a fish among the lot less than five pounds weight, and one of a hundred and twenty, the yellow-tail aforesaid. As soon as we reached the ship the boats were run up, sails filled, and away we lumbered again towards New Zealand.

As the great mass of that solitary mountain faded away in the gathering shades of evening, it was impossible to help remembering

the sufferings of that afflicted family, confined to those trembling, sulphurous, ash-bestrewn rocks, amid gloom by day and unnatural glare by night, for all that weary while. And while I admit that there is to some people a charm in being alone with nature, it is altogether another thing when your solitude becomes compulsory, your paradise a prison from which you cannot break away. There are many such nooks as Sunday Island scattered about the ocean where men have hidden themselves away from the busy world and been forgotten by it, but few of them, I fancy, offer such potentialities of terror as Sunday Island.

We had hardly lost sight of the land when Polly's captive gave birth to a kid. This event was the most interesting thing that had happened on board for a great while, and the funny little visitor would have run great risk of being completely spoiled had he lived. But, to our universal sorrow, the mother's milk failed, from want of green food, I suppose, and we were obliged to kill the poor little chap to save him from being starved to death. He made a savoury mess for some of those whose appetite for flesh meat was stronger than any sentimental considerations.

To an ordinary trader the distance between the Kermadecs and the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, roughly represents a couple of days' sail. But to us, who were apparently incapable of hurry under any circumstances, it meant a good week's bludgeoning the protesting waves before the grim outliers of the Three Kings came into view. Even then, although the distance was a mere bagatelle, it was another two days before we arrived off that magnificent harbour where reposes the oldest township in New Zealand—Russell, where rest the mortal remains of the first really Pakeha Maori; but which, for some unaccountable reason, still is left undeveloped and neglected, visited only by the wandering whalers (in ever-decreasing numbers) and an occasional trim, business-like, and gentlemanly man-o'-war, that, like a guardsman strolling the West-end in mufti, stalks the sea with never an item of his smart rig deviating by a shade from its proper set or sheer.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

## CONCERNING CORRESPONDENCE.

THE late Lewis Carroll once invented a stamp case—'The Wonderland'—and to accompany it he wrote a little pamphlet containing 'Eight or Nine Wise Words about Letter Writing.' As the unmethodical could not have a better guide, they should at once acquire both pamphlet and case. 'The Queen's Laundress,' Lewis Carroll assures us, 'uses no other.' Here are portions of some of these counsels :

If the Letter is to be in answer to another, begin by getting out that other letter and reading it through, in order to refresh your memory, as to what it is you have to answer, and as to your correspondent's *present address*. . . . Next, *address and stamp the Envelope*. 'What! Before writing the *Letter*?' Most certainly. And I'll tell you what will happen if you don't: You will go on writing till the last moment, and, just in the middle of the last sentence, you will become aware that 'time's up!'

The methodical, of course, have no need of such hints; but as most of us are otherwise, a few more rules may be quoted :

Don't fill *more* than a page and a half with apologies for not having written sooner! . . . *Write legibly*. . . . *Don't repeat yourself*. . . . When your letter is finished, read it carefully through, and put in any 'not' that you may chance to have omitted. (This precaution will sometimes save you from saying what you had not quite intended: *e.g.* suppose you had *meant* to write 'Dear Sir, I am not prepared to accept the offer you make me of your hand and heart.') . . . . When you say, in your letter, 'I enclose 5*l.* banknote,' or 'I enclose John's letter for you to see,' get the document referred to—and *put it into the envelope*. Otherwise, you are pretty certain to find it lying about, *after the Post has gone!*

## And again :

If it should ever occur to you to write, jestingly, in *dispraise* of your friend, be sure you exaggerate enough to make the jesting *obvious*: a word, spoken in *jest*, but taken as *earnest*, may lead to very serious consequences. I have known it to lead to the breaking-off of a friendship. Suppose, for instance, you wish to remind your friend of a sovereign you have lent him, which he has forgotten to repay—you might quite *mean* the words 'I mention it, as you seem to have a conveniently bad memory for debts' in jest: yet there would be nothing to wonder at if he took offence at that way of putting it. But, suppose you wrote 'Long observation of your career as a pickpocket has convinced me that my only hope, for recovering that sovereign I lent you, is to say "Pay up, or I'll summons yer!"' he would indeed be a matter-of-fact friend if he took *that* as seriously meant!

Lewis Carroll did not, however, offer a specimen letter as model. Here he sadly neglected his opportunities. There are

publications which repair this omission with examples calculated to cover most of our commoner epistolary needs. I never met with any one who used such works, but doubtless there are persons who cling to them as drowning sailors to a spar. For ordinary life the language is a thought too stiff. In a much earlier compilation of a similar kind the language had other faults—a manual which appeared in 1618, the production either of Gervase Markham or of another man of the same initials. Its title is ‘Conceited Letters Newly Laid Open, or, A Most Excellent Bundle of New Wit: wherein is knit up together all the perfections, or Art of Episteling, by which the most ignorant may with much modesty talke and argue with the best learned. A Worke varying from the Nature of former Presidents.’ This slender black-letter volume contains a number of letters couched in a style which it is perhaps well to have superseded. The specimens given are brief, but that they also are comprehensive may be gathered from the two that follow:

A LETTER TO A FRIEND FOR HIS OPINION IN DIVERS POINTS  
OF CONSIDERATIONS.

MY HONEST NED,—I pray thee write mee word by this bearer how thou doest, thy opinion of the World, of life and death, honesty and wit, and what comes into thy head, when thou hast leasure to be idle. I long to heare from thee, to read thy conceits, which if they be of the old fashion, are better than the new forme: be what will be, to me it shall be welcome, and thyselfe, better whensoever I may see thee: for dull wits and addle heads so beate about the Market in this Towne, that I had rather goe a mile wide than keepe way with such wilde Geese: and so loath to trouble thee with trifling newes, to no good purpose, in the affection of a faithfull heart: I rest

Thine what mine,  
T. N.

This is the suggested reply:

KINDE HENRY,—To answere thy request, in a few words let me tell thee. For the World, I finde it a walke that soone wearieth a good spirit, this life is but a puffe, and death but an abridgement of Time. Now for some notes I have taken of the World, and divers things in it: let me tell thee, that if all the wealth in the world were in one chest it would not buy one houre of life; if all the honesty of the world were in one heart, it would not buy one bit of Bread; and if all the wit in the world were in one wicked pate, it would not buy one jot of grace: and therefore it is meete with Death at a meaner price, and to carry Money with Honesty, the better to goe to Market, and to joyne Grace with Wit, to find the high-way to Heaven. This is all for this time I have had leasure to thinke upon, as more comes into my Head, I will make you acquainted with it; in the meantime, marke what I have written, and it will doe thee no hurt in reading: Farewell.

Thine, or not mine owne,  
T. R.

It is comfortable to think that people no longer write letters like that.

When it comes to practical counsel, the last stanza of the following poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, an ancient preceptor of the young, offers the best instruction in correspondence that can be given :

Maria intended a letter to write,  
But could not begin (as she thought) to indite ;  
So went to her mother with pencil and slate,  
Containing ' Dear Sister,' and also a date.

' With nothing to say, my dear girl, do not think  
Of wasting your time over paper and ink ;  
But certainly this is an excellent way,  
To try with your slate to find something to say.

' I will give you a rule,' said her mother, ' my dear,  
Just think for a moment your sister is here,  
And what would you tell her ? consider, and then,  
Though silent your tongue, you can speak with your pen.'

Speak with the pen!—that is what the best letter-writers do, whether the illustrious exponents of the art, such as Lamb and Horace Walpole, Cowper and Keats, Edward FitzGerald and Shirley Brooks, or the unknown pen-gossips whose letters are flying hither and thither at this very moment, linking household to household and heart to heart. My own theory is that as good letters have been and are being written by obscure people as any that find their way into volumes. In many respects better, since there can be no taint of self-consciousness in their composition, no hint of posing, no thought of posterity, no attempt to do more than interest or amuse. Talking on paper : that is letter-writing ; and it is because plain talk is very often better than brilliant talk, that education is of little service to correspondents, and the best writers of books are by no means the best writers of letters. Many persons who spell phonetically on rules not of Pitman's but of Nature's framing are better correspondents than the Universities can produce. In some of the best letters I have seen, 'has' was always spelt 'as' and there were many small 'capital i's,' but how interesting and communicative and shrewd they were ! It is indeed time that a stand was made against the tyranny of the unco orthographical. Words are but symbols to convey our meaning, and so long as they do their work and convey that meaning, it matters nothing how they are set down. Butter is equally the product of cream whether it is spelled with two 't's' or one, and a potato is not robbed of its nutriment by being written 'pertatur.' A writer who, in the 'Pall Mall

Gazette' a year or so ago, pleaded for the sanction of individuality in spelling deserves the warmest support. As he pointed out—and surely such an illustration should be convincing—a lady addressed by her lover as 'My Deare' would be more peculiarly his than without the redundant 'e.' In support of this argument have been cited the cases of Chaucer and Artemus Ward. Rewrite their work by the light of Mavor, and where are they?

As a good specimen of entertaining illiteracy take the following scrap of a letter from a gardener to his employer. Were the gardener a man of education, how much less picturesque would his message have been! The greenhouse would then have possessed no sex and no individuality. As it is, the greenhouse is a delightful monster:

Sir Guy Edwardson Bart Im varry sorry to tell you that I cant do enaything with the green (greenhouse) I think he will kill every plant I have sometimes he will get varry hot and another time I cant get eney heat in him and we cant stape him from smoking so I dount know what I can do with him.

Again, incorrectness of spelling does not impair the force of the following exhaustive epistle, which was recently addressed to an Australian politician by a supporter, who, like the poor man in 'Ecclesiastes' that helped the beleaguered king, was subsequently not 'remembered.' He wrote:

DEER SUB,—You're a dam fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the munny either, but you could hev got it for me if you wasn't as mean as muk. Two pound a week ain't eny moar to me than 40 shillin's is to you, but I objekt to bein' maid an infurnil fool of. Soon after you was elected by my hard workin', a feller here wanted to bet me that You wouldn't be in the House moren a week before you maid a ass of yourself. I bet him a Cow on that as i thort you was worth it then. After i got Your Note sayin' you deklined to aekt in the matter i driv the Cow over to the Feller's place an' tole him he had won her.

That's orl i got by howlin' meself Hoarse for you on pole day, an' months befoar. You not only hurt a man's Pride but you injur him in Bizness. I believe you think you'll get in agen. I don't. An' what I don't think is of moar Konsequence then you imajin. I beleave you take a pleshir in cuttin' your best friends but wate till the clouds roll by an' they'll cut you—just behind the Ear, where the butcher cut the pig. Yure no man. An' i doant think yure much of a demercrat either. Go to hel. I lowers meself ritin to a skunk, even tho I med him a memter of parlerment.

If this writer does not possess what Matthew Arnold called 'a serviceable prose style,' it would be puzzling to say who does.

Yet in spite of this entertaining array of primitive phonetics a prejudice in favour of correct spelling is, one fears, certain to linger; printers' readers, parents and schoolmasters, all im-

placable foes of the poor speller, play too important a part in the control of the world. As an instance of how deep-rooted their prejudice is, I might mention that in his recent work on Rowing, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, himself a humourist and athlete who ought to know better, urges correct spelling even upon oarsmen—oarsmen!—who are called upon to share in the author's contempt for the second note (and possibly the first) in the following concise correspondence between a coach and one of his crew. The coach wrote:

DEAR — It has been reported to me that you broke training last night you were seen smoking not only a few wiffs but a whole pipe I have therefore decided to turn you out of the boat.

Yours etc. . . .

The reply ran thus:

DEAR — I am in reciet of your letter it is true that I smoked two whifs (not 'wiffs' as you say) out of another man's pipe but that's all however I don't want to row in your beastly boat.

Yours etc. . . .

If men who can manage an outrigger are not to be permitted to spell as they like, it is time we ceased to call England a free country.<sup>1</sup>

Convention having oddly enough arranged that everyone to whom we write, whether to a parent or an undertaker, shall be called 'dear,' the beginning of letters, except with hyper-conscientious correspondents, is easy. The only difficulty resides in the use of the possessive pronoun, since 'My dear' is supposed to carry more warmth than 'dear' pure and simple, and it is sometimes not easy to decide upon the degree of warmth that one possesses, or wishes to appear to possess. The hyper-conscientiousness which boggles at the inaccurate employment of 'dear,' does not often persist after the teens. The true difficulty in most letters comes at the end, so wide is the choice of adverbs with which the writer may express his feelings towards the correspondent. You may assure him that you are his 'truly,' 'sincerely,' 'faithfully,' 'cordially,' 'obediently,' 'humbly,' or you may prefix 'very,' or you may include 'love' or 'kind regards.' In ordinary social letters—not to relatives—'truly' and 'sincerely' make the running; but there is a world of worry in deciding which is proper. At the risk of being called eccentric—that blessed

<sup>1</sup> The curious circumstance to be noted among poor spellers is their inconsistency. The same word is often spelled both correctly and incorrectly in the space of a few lines. The following note was once pinned by a neighbour to the door of a friend's cottage:

'No telegram has not come, the missus as not arrived.'



palliative!—some persons escape from these anxieties by signing merely their names; or they soften the abruptness by finishing in a corner with 'in haste' and initials. On this subject Lewis Carroll says: 'If doubtful whether to end with yours faithfully or yours truly or yours most truly . . . refer to your correspondent's last letter and make your winding-up *at least as friendly as his*: in fact, even if a shade *more* friendly it will do no harm'! This is astute; but it will not help in the case of the letter-writer who is answering nothing. Southey, it may be noted, not necessarily for imitation, always dropped in 'God bless you.' In business one says 'faithfully' more often than not. In writing to the nobility one follows prescribed rules. These are to be found at the end of 'Whitaker's Almanac;' but one may live to a hale old age and never be driven to consult them.

The third-person note is one escape from the adverbial dilemma; but only a genius can manipulate it. There is almost certain to be ambiguity among the pronouns. If our social system were not so ridiculously complex, the form would never have been introduced. In more cases than not the attempt is frankly abandoned after a few lines, as in the following reply from a farmer's wife concerning lodgings:

Mrs. Tullett wishes to tell Mrs. Smith that her rooms are now let, and I don't know how long it will be before they are vacant.

Experience teaches that it is best to adhere to the first person singular, even at the cost of appearing too familiar. By the way, among first-person-singular correspondence there is nothing to excel the conciseness, force, and directness of the following notes, which once passed between Mrs. Foote, the mother of the comedian, and Foote himself. Mrs. Foote wrote:

DEAR SAM,—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother.  
E. FOOTE.

Sam replied:

DEAR MOTHER,—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,

SAM. FOOTE.

P.S.—I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the meantime let us hope for better days.

But if directness be the test, children write the best letters. They go straight to the point, without any self-consciousness or desire to show off. If the writer's aim is to give news, the news is given; if it is to ask for a tip, the tip is asked for; there is no circumlocution. But if the child is to give of his best, one must expressly forbid adult supervision. A letter written by a

child under a parent's or governess's eye, compared with a spontaneous unedited letter, is as water is to wine. In 'Vice Versa' Mr. Anstey offers a perfect specimen of the inspired missive. Dr. Grimstone, it will be borne in mind, disapproved of the careless composition affected by the untrammelled correspondent, and therefore dictated a chaste communication, which has some claim to be called a classic. Dr. Grimstone's letter, however, though conceivable, is fiction. Fact gives us, in the same kind, Mrs. Trimmer's obviously inspired letter to her grand-parents. At the time it was written, Mrs. Trimmer was Sarah Kirby, a little girl between ten and eleven in age. The letter (which is printed in full in Mrs. Field's 'Child and his Book') begins:

DEAR GRANDPAPA AND GRANDMAMMA,—As I now think myself capable of writing a letter, I do not know of any one to whom I can address myself with more justness and propriety than yourselves, for you are my parents in a double capacity, and therefore may reasonably claim my utmost duty and gratitude. By your indulgent care and tenderness, under the gracious hand of Providence, you have blest me with the best of mothers. Let me, therefore, beg a continuance of your blessings and prayers, to enable me to set a right value on the privileges I enjoy by having a rational being.

There is more of it, but this is enough to quote. (When Sam Weller came to the end of his 'valentine' to Mary, housemaid at Mr. Nupkin's, which he was reading to his father, Mr. Weller inquired—as every one knows—'That's rather a sudden pull-up, ain't it, Sammy?' And Sam said, 'Not a bit on it; she'll vish there vos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'.' It is sad that the great art is so often missed.) Contrast with Sarah Kirby's distracting primness and piety the following scrap from a letter describing a visit to the Zoo:—

I know you will like to hear about the girafe at the Zoo. It stands quite still. Its front legs are longer than its back legs. Its head is right up in the roof. It has spots all over. While it stands still it munches all the time and cries. It has big eyes, all wet, and great tears roll down its cheeks. They are the sort of tears that come when you eat too much mustard. Milly says he is thinking of his home, but I don't believe it. They don't look like sorry tears. All the while he is munching, and every now and then he stops, and his cheeks go in suddenly as if you had punkchured them, and he seems to be looking miles away, and then you see a lump sliding down inside his neck. But in a minute or two he works a sort of spring inside, and the lump comes climbing up his neck again into his mouth, and his cheeks fill out again directly, and he begins his chewing once more. I think the girafe is splendid fun to watch.

A good letter has been said to be the product of two minds—the writer's and the recipient's. The writer's alone is not sufficient, or all one's letters would be equally good. As it is, every one, even with the best will in the world, finds the most

persistent difficulty in writing to certain persons. Sentences will not form, adjectives will not emerge, no suitable news presents itself. Yet, half an hour later, when writing to some one else about nothing at all, how the pen flies! Broadly, it may be laid down that the best letters are written to persons in one's own generation. It is not easy to write to uncles. Next to laziness and incomplete sympathy, which are the commonest causes of difficulty in letter-writing, the strongest deterrent is veracity. It is veracity which makes it so hard for the conscientious to decline an invitation to dinner. To persons who have no 'chords,' as Mr. Guppy might say, and no false diffidence concerning lying, life must be very simple.

Another and popular reason for not writing is lack of stamps. Considering how useful stamps can be in mending a puncture, it is extraordinary that so few people carry them. Only a very rare class of character seems to have courage to buy stamps in any quantity. The most timid investor in stocks and shares is a lion compared with the majority of customers in a post office. Their boldest order is 'Six stamps, please;' yet I am happy to know others who are never without them, and there was once a man who even carried twopenny-halfpenny ones, but him the Red Gods claimed young. To offer a penny in exchange for a stamp has upon some persons a galvanic effect: they draw themselves up with an air of menacing virtue, and wave the coin away. Others pocket it with joy; but I believe it to be against the law.

Millionaires—although, never having heard from one, I cannot speak with any certainty—correspond, I presume, entirely by telegram. An objection to such a practice, apart from the detail of expense, is that in time one must come to talk exactly like Mr. Alfred Jingle. Another objection, to a nature at all sensitive, is that one has to stand by while the young man or young woman reads the message. This can be true torture. Nice-minded officials count the words backwards—and more, they are so kind as to affix the stamps. There is yet a third objection to reckless telegraphy, and that is the number of people that have an upwards-of-twopenny address. Even a millionaire must be annoyed at the voracity with which their friends' addresses devour the halfpence. And here it might be remarked that a sure sign that worldliness is upon one, is the absence of a thrill when despatching a telegram. Only the *blasé* can grasp one of the Duke of Norfolk's chained pencils without a slight acceleration of pulse. The feeling is to be prized and clung to: millionaires and tipsters, one fears, must lose it very soon.

The antithesis of the telegram is the post-card, which has as little connection with true epistolary art. The post-card is for ordering bacon and (with a Hawarden postmark) recommending the writings of Mr. Hall Caine. The fact that ingenious persons can crowd many hundreds of words upon it is nothing in its favour. To crowd words is indeed a fault in correspondence; to underline (a womanly accomplishment) is undesirable; and to cross is wicked. 'Remember,' says Lewis Carroll, 'the old proverb, "Cross writing makes cross reading"'—adding slyly, "'The old proverb?" you say inquiringly. "How old?" Well, not so *very* ancient, I must confess. In fact, I'm afraid I invented it while writing this paragraph.' Another bad habit is eccentric pagination, especially when indicative numbers by which it may be followed are omitted. Yet considering what a blessed thing the letter can be—and by letters I mean friendly, intimate pen-chat—any method, however odd, is permissible, even hieroglyphics. Communicativeness is the grand test.

Now that four ounces of letter go for a penny, the complexities of life are almost over. In the old days, in the absence of a letter-balance, to decide upon the weight of an envelope was a matter involving the judgment of the whole household. One method of computing it was to hold the envelope in one hand, and an ounce of tobacco in the other; but that was not impeccable. Another was to employ the kitchen scales, which unhappily are often superior to mere accuracy, or they decline to be put in motion by anything less than a quarter of a pound. But as nothing ever does weigh more than four ounces, all such anxiety is past. Still, it is distressing to think how few people keep letter scales. There positively are houses which possess three bicycles and a typewriter, but no letter scales. On the other hand, there also are houses where every postal requisite is prominent. Every postal requisite means a little leather box from Bond Street, with 'Stamps' in gold on the lid, and two cedar-wood compartments within for penny and halfpenny stamps; a stick of sealing wax and a seal; a leather box of string, also from Bond Street, armed with a tiny pair of scissors, so small that no normal fingers can hold them; a Postal Guide; letter scales; a wet pad for stamp-moistening, which is almost always overlooked until the tongue has done its work; and a photograph of Mr. Henniker Heaton. In such houses it is very hard to write letters.

E. V. LUCAS.

## A GREAT GOLD ROBBERY.

### I.

#### THE DISCOVERY.

IN November 189— the 'Times' contained the following message, which had been received from the New York correspondent of that journal :—

'An extraordinary robbery of gold bullion has been discovered here. Yesterday Messrs. Raphael & Montagu, the well-known bullion brokers, received ten cases which had been consigned to them by their agents in London. When the cases were opened it was found that the gold had been removed from one of them and bars of lead substituted. The case appeared, even to the most minute scrutiny, to have been untampered with, and the seal of the Bank of England, at which institution the gold was purchased and packed, was unbroken. The cases arrived on board the Cunard liner *Gallia*, and it is at present impossible to say at what point in the route the substitution was made. The loss is said to amount to about 7,000*l.*, and this will, of course, be met by the underwriters in London who insured the safe delivery of the valuable consignment.'

The publication of this telegram in London caused no little uneasiness. At the time, gold was being shipped to New York nearly every day, and the precautions taken to prevent robbery were thought to be so stringent that gold was looked upon as the safest to insure of all cargoes. The underwriters rushed from thoughtless confidence into an equally thoughtless panic, and insurance rates were more than doubled. This hit the bullion brokers, who were very angry. The newspapers cast from one to another ill-instructed guesses as to how the robbery occurred, without adding to the sum of knowledge, and the interested public hungered for an authoritative statement of facts. After a week or two of silence, this statement came from the 'Economist,' in the form of an admirable article, which gave all that has yet been made known concerning a most ingenious crime. No further losses were reported, and the City, which learns little and forgets everything, forgot the robbery as soon as the newspapers ceased to mention it. The 'Economist' said :—

'When we read of the recent remarkable gold robbery, two points struck us as being incomprehensible. According to the "Times," lead was substituted for the gold in one of Messrs. Raphael & Montagu's cases, and the seal of the Bank of England was unbroken. Now gold is, bulk for bulk, nearly twice as heavy as lead—the proportion being roughly 19 to 11—how, then, could the base metal be substituted for the precious one without the difference in weight being at once perceived? When we reflected further that cases of gold bullion in course of transport are carefully weighed by every railway and steamship company by which they are carried, and that the weights are compared with those given in the receipts which the companies sign, the matter became the more mysterious, and we grew near to believing that the excellent "Times" correspondent had somehow muddled the affair. In this we did him an injustice. He was as accurate as the limits of a brief telegram would permit. The fact that the Bank's seal was unbroken was a severe difficulty to us, though not so great as that of the substitution of lead for gold. One hears of the successful imitation of seals, but it gives one an unpleasant shock to realise that even the seal of the Bank of England is not sacred, that it can be imitated readily and perfectly, and that its imitation is a detail of quite secondary difficulty where bullion thieves are concerned. We felt that our duty towards the business community of the great City of London compelled us to clear up the circumstances of this robbery to the best of our ability, and we accordingly telegraphed to a valued correspondent in New York, directing him to supply us with the fullest details. We have received our correspondent's report, and we may say at once, that much as we reprobate the robbery as an immoral violation of the sanctity of property, we cannot but admire the extraordinary cleverness of its perpetrators.

'To make ourselves clearly understood, we must direct the attention of our readers towards some figures. The ten cases which were consigned to Messrs. Raphael & Montagu were provided and packed by the Bank of England, and were similar to those always used for transporting gold bars. Each case contained five bars, and each bar was six inches long, four inches broad, and one and a half inch thick. The weight of each bar was 363 Troy ounces, and the value was about 1,400*l*. The wood of the cases was two inches thick, so that when the top was put on the outside dimensions of each case were: length ten inches,

breadth eight inches, and height eleven and a half inches. After the covers were fastened, strips of hoop iron were whipped round top and bottom and nailed down, and the Bank's seal was impressed on wax in such a manner that the covers could not possibly be removed without the seals being broken. We may add that the ten cases were packed in the courtyard of the Bank of England in the presence of one of Messrs. Raphael & Montagu's London agents. They were then placed on a van belonging to the London & North Western Railway Company and carried at once to Euston Station. Little more than half an hour elapsed between the time when the van left the Bank and the time when the Liverpool Express left Euston.

'The "Times" correspondent was practically right when he said that lead was substituted for gold, but he made one apparently small but really vital omission. He did not say that an entire case, box as well as contents, was stolen and a new one substituted in its place. By this simple but vastly ingenious means, the difference between the specific gravities of lead and gold was overcome. The thieves evidently were familiar with the size and appearance of the Bank of England's bullion cases, and they provided themselves with a similar one for the purpose of their crime. They then carefully worked out the relative specific gravities of lead and gold, and discovered that bars of lead seven and a half inches long, five and a half inches broad, and one and a half inch thick would weigh as nearly as possible the same as the Bank's bars of gold which were six inches long, four inches broad, and one and a half inch thick. The inside measurements of the substituted case were, at first, of course, the same as those of the Bank's cases, but these were subsequently increased by simply cutting away the inside wood until the space was large enough to receive the leaden bars. By means of this device the outside measurements of the case were undisturbed, and the thickness of the wood at the corners where it could be seen remained at two inches. After the cutting had been completed the sides of the case were still about one and a quarter inch thick, and were more than strong enough to support their heavy load. We do not know how the Bank's seal was imitated; we only know the fact that it was. Our correspondent writes that the substituted case was absolutely correct in weight, in appearance, and in seal, and that it could in no respect be distinguished from the nine genuine cases with which it travelled. He adds that inquiries



have not resulted in the smallest evidence being discovered which might show where and how the substitution was made. The weight of the full case was considerable, as much as 125 lb. avoirdupois, but one or perhaps two men could carry it without any undue exertion. The gentlemen who fill our coal cellars handle much greater weights with apparent ease. The whole affair was so carefully planned that the substitution could have been made in a few minutes, and the discovery of the robbery at the last possible moment, upon which the thieves could calculate, makes it seem certain that they have long ago provided adequately for their safety. Against thieves of their intellectual calibre the guardians of society are helpless, and it is perhaps fortunate—though on this point we have doubts—that such men usually exercise their genius in safer and even more profitable pursuits. In the City of London, for instance, with their ingenuity and disregard of moral scruples, they might have become distinguished financiers and been the darlings of a self-seeking Society. Instead of which—’ And so the ‘Economist’ concluded an excellent article.

## II.

## THE ROBBERY.

‘WILL he stop?’ asked the tall unwholesome man called Stevens.

Wallis’s reply was curtly offensive.

‘Suppose you ask him?’

Stevens shivered. ‘Consider—consider my position and character.’

‘Oh, you respectable cur,’ said Wallis, ‘you want the cash for yourself and the risk for me. Well, you won’t have either.’

‘Is it off, then?’ Stevens’s expression for an instant was one of relief; then the recollection of his liabilities fell on him and he groaned, ‘Is it off?’

‘No, it is not. He will stop for five minutes.’

‘How——?’

‘He has a wife and she is ill. It is a pretty job, more suited to you than to me.’

‘My character——’ began Stevens.

‘Man,’ said Wallis sternly, ‘I know you. Keep your character for the directors of the South Eastern Bank. I have none, and cannot afford the luxury of heartlessness. Understand that you

are my tool, my paid tool, whose business is to obey orders. Without you I could not raise the money which will be required. That is the end of your usefulness. For that service you will receive 2,000*l.*; the rest will be mine.'

The respected cashier in the South Eastern Bank jumped up, walked to the door, returned, and sat down. Wallis laughed.

'Williams, the North Western carman, will be driving a van-load of gold cases from the Bank to Euston one afternoon this week. He will let me know the day and hour by telegram, when he knows them himself. He expects to get away from the Bank about half-past three, and as the Liverpool train leaves Euston at 4.10 he cannot give us more than five minutes. He will drive along Gray's Inn Road, turn down Wells Street, and stop here.

'Here!' screamed Stevens, 'at my lodgings!'

'Here. If you don't like it, you can retire from the affair.'

'Wallis, let me implore you——'

'Don't be a fool. Do not hundreds of railway vans stop at private houses every day, and what is there especially noticeable about a van carrying gold? The fact is not placarded on it. An ordinary railway van stops here, certain things happen, and five minutes later it is driven away. If fifty people saw it, they would see nothing unusual. The boldest course is always the safest because the least suspected.'

'I do not trust you. You want the danger to fall on me.'

Wallis shrugged his shoulders. 'I do not want the danger to fall on anybody. You need not go on unless you like.'

'I wish to God——'

'Better leave God out. It seems unsuitable. Your moral scruples are only cowardice in a wrapping of religious phrases.'

'If the robbery is discovered at Euston we are caught at once.'

'The robbery will be discovered in New York.'

'You cannot make sure.'

'Absolutely sure. I was not a clerk in the bullion office of the Bank of England without learning a few useful things. I was a smart clerk.'

'Yet you were sacked,' said Stevens coarsely.

'Precisely. I was sacked for borrowing a few pounds from a money lender—for exactly the same thing which you are going to do on a larger scale this afternoon.'

'I wish that could be avoided. I should lose my place if it were found out.'

'Will your place be more secure when you are made bankrupt, as you will be in a few weeks if we don't get this gold?'

'I am hemmed in on all sides,' groaned Stevens; 'oh, why——?'

'You will want 100*l.* I have promised Williams 50*l.*, and I have also promised that no suspicion shall ever approach him. I have not your unblemished character, but I am a man of my word.'

'You did! why I thought——'

'Yes. You thought that all risk was to be shunted on to Williams. That is just the kind of thought which would come naturally to you.'

'How will you prevent it?'

'That is my business. You will kindly now go to Graham, the money-lender in Essex Street. He will let a respectable bank cashier like you have 100*l.* without any trouble, and he won't charge you more than 60 per cent. When you have the money, I may perhaps give you a few more details. You may not trust me, but you cannot rise to the supreme mistrust which I have for you. Now go.'

It was twenty minutes to four on Friday afternoon. Stevens stood at the window of his own sitting-room looking into Wells Street. He was instructed to give instant warning of the approaching railway van. As a watchman he was indifferent, lacking concentration. Wallis moved about his preparations, quiet, determined; a man who knew that haste eats up valuable seconds. On the floor stood a small open case filled with large flat leaden bars. The protecting bands of hoop iron had been bent back and the cover taken off. The writer in the '*Economist*' has already described both case and contents in ample detail. Wallis was the designer and constructor. Near the case was a large spring balance. On the table conveniently arranged were plaster of Paris, water, a large bowl, putty, linseed oil, sealing-wax, a hammer and nails, a chisel, a knife, and a watch. A small gas cooking-stove supplied by a long flexible tube had been placed on the table; it was burning. Wallis looked round, thinking hard. 'All is ready,' he said.

A strange cry came from the window.

Instantly Wallis picked up a great coarse sack, and looked round again. 'Stand by the balance,' he said sharply.

There was a rattle of wheels outside, and Wallis was gone. The seconds ticked away, ten, twenty, thirty, and he came

heavily back with the great sack slung over his shoulder. In a moment a second case stood by the first ; closed, nailed down, and on the edge of the cover the Bank of England's broad red seal ! Stevens staggered back shivering, the awful reality of what had been done striking him like a blow. Wallis stooped and with a powerful effort swung the stolen case on to the tray of the balance. 'Read the weight,' he cried, 'and make no mistake.' He dragged his own cleverly designed case near and temporarily adjusted the cover.

'A hundred and twenty-nine and a quarter,' murmured Stevens.

'Off it comes. Now read again.' He heaved up the load of lead.'

A hundred and thirty and a half.' Wallis snatched at the chisel and cut long curls from the uppermost bar. 'Now !'

'A hundred and twenty-nine.' Wallis threw back into the case a small piece of lead, then another. 'Make it about an ounce less than the gold,' he said ; 'we must allow for the nails and the wax.'

A moment later came the quick beat of the hammer, as Wallis drove the long nails through the cover and fastened down the bands of hoop iron.

The watch on the table ticked on ; two and a half minutes had passed.

Now came the most delicate and difficult part of the scheme which had been so exhaustively planned. The false case resembled the true one in every respect except that it had no seal, and without this was useless.

'Mix the plaster of Paris,' said Wallis, 'and stir it quickly lest it set too soon.'

He took the putty and built a low wall about the Bank of England's seal. Then he lightly oiled both wax and putty. The plaster of Paris was ready. Wallis filled the shallow well he had made, watched the plaster for a few seconds while it set, and then lifted off the hard white block. The oil had prevented any sticking, and Wallis had secured an exact impression in reverse of the Bank's seal.

Stevens, who had been drilled into the understanding of details, melted sealing-wax in a ladle over the gas stove. 'Steady,' murmured Wallis ; 'we have nearly finished.' The wax was poured into its appointed place, down came the false seal, im-

pressing its lie in characters as clear as those of truth, and the work was done.

Once more the sack was raised on Wallis's shoulder, but this time it went out full and returned empty. The wheels of the railway van rattled on the stones of Wells Street, rattled on until they met the deeper roll of the Gray's Inn Road and were lost. On the floor of the quiet room lay an insignificant-looking case, its treasure still hidden, and over it stooped two white-faced men.

'It was well done,' murmured Wallis; 'there were three seconds to spare.'

### III.

#### THE GOLD.

THE same room and the same men. Three days had passed, days which had cut strange lines in Wallis's boyish face. He had made a mistake; a thing always unpleasant in itself, hateful when involving confession to a man like Stevens. In a corner of the room stood a new safe bought for the purpose, and in it lay the unopened case of gold. Wallis had left the treasure in Stevens's hands without hesitation. 'You would steal it all if you dared,' he had said unkindly, 'but you do not dare. You know that I should at once lay an information against you, and you would be caught with the stuff in your possession. You couldn't get rid of it.'

'By the way, Stevens,' he said now, 'have you thought of the means by which we are to realise our spoil? That is a problem of some interest.'

'I suppose there are ways,' answered Stevens crossly, 'but I don't know them. You have had the management of this business and you had better keep it.'

'I also suppose there are ways, but I don't know them. It seems rather absurd.'

Stevens sprang to his feet. 'You don't know! Have you blundered into this, you swaggering fool, that you can't sell the gold you've stolen? Why didn't you consult me?'

'That is precisely what I am doing now.'

Stevens dropped into his chair. 'It must be possible,' he said weakly.

'Listen to me.'

'I want my 2,000l.'

'Listen to me, and when I have finished you shall have your 2,000*l.*!'

'I shall really have it?'

'You shall really have it,' said Wallis, smiling grimly. It was a nasty smile.

'When I was at the Bank of England,' he went on, 'I learned a good deal about gold, but there was one detail which escaped me. We are now breaking our heads against that detail. You will know that by the Coinage Act of 1870 any one is entitled to take gold to the Mint and to have it coined at the rate of 77*s.* 10½*d.* an ounce. There is nothing to pay. This seemed to me to be an admirable arrangement, and when I planned this robbery I had in my mind to take the gold to the Mint in small quantities and gradually to have it coined. I always believe in the bold course, and this seemed both bold and safe.'

'That is all right. What is the difficulty?'

'You shall hear. Yesterday I thought it well to study the subject more fully, so as to find out all the ways of the Mint and to guard myself against unexpected dangers. I went to the Guildhall Library and looked up a book on the subject. I found everything satisfactory except for one detail, and that detail, Stevens, is the devil. I found that although the Bank of England pays only 77*s.* 9*d.* an ounce for gold—1½*d.* per ounce less than the Mint—yet in practice it is better to sell gold to the Bank for cash than to wait an indefinite time for the Mint to turn it into coin. It has therefore happened that since the passing of the Coinage Act one firm, only one firm, has ever sent gold to the Mint to be coined. Only one!'

'I remember now,' said Stevens. 'I remember reading about it years ago.'

'This makes it impossible for us to send our gold to the Mint. We should be curiosities who would attract universal attention, and I may say, Stevens, that public attention is not precisely what we desire. As members of a crowd we could have passed unsuspected, but as the claimants of a right which has lapsed in practice we should be the objects of most embarrassing scrutiny. The halfpenny evening papers would even want to "interview" us.'

'What do you suggest?'

'I confess that I don't see my way. It seems absurd to possess 7,000*l.* in solid gold and to be in difficulties for a five-pound note, but that is just my position. Your position is even worse.

I have thought right through the problem and I am out on the far side. Gold is usually handled by bullion brokers who are members of well-known and wealthy firms. Private persons never possess unmanufactured bullion in any quantity unless they steal it, and having stolen it they instinctively shrink from giving references.'

'You mean that if we tried to sell to a bullion broker, we should be asked for references.'

'Of course.'

'Why, in God's name, didn't you think of all this before?'

'Because I was blinded by my faith in the Mint.'

Stevens began to pace the room. It was November and cold, but the sweat stood out on his face. 'Why not take your courage in both hands and sell to the Bank? They only give 77s. 9d., but it is better to sacrifice 1½d. an ounce than to——.'

Wallis roared with laughter. 'I would love to do it, if only for the humour of the thing. But it would be impossible. They would want to know where I got the stuff, and it would take a very strong lie to carry a hundredweight of their own bars.'

'What are pawnbrokers for?'

'To borrow money from.'

'Well, couldn't we?'

'I have thought of that, but there are difficulties. We should have to find a venal pawnbroker. No one else would look at unmanufactured gold, for it would certainly be stolen property. Now pawnbrokers are licensed, and overlooked by the police, and their interests generally keep step with their honesty. No doubt there are venal pawnbrokers, but I can't risk my liberty for the next twenty years by experimenting in searching of one.'

'I am afraid,' said Stevens gravely, 'that we shall be obliged to sacrifice a good deal of the value of the gold by selling to a receiver—I believe such people are called "fences." Of course I won't in that case insist on the whole of my 2,000l. I will be content with half of what the lot sells for.'

'All right,' said Wallis. 'You shall have your share and shall sell it to a "fence," as you call it. I don't know any "fences" myself, but no doubt you are more fortunate.'

Stevens cursed loudly. 'I won't be made a fool of any longer. I believe you can easily sell the gold if you like. You promised me my 2,000l. just now; give me my money and clear out. I shall never want to see you again.'



Wallis smiled. 'I will. Open the safe.'

Stevens took the key and opened the safe, wondering.

Wallis dragged out the case of gold, and with the help of a chisel and hammer stripped off the cover. Then he took out a couple of the bars and began with grave deliberation to cut one of them in half. Stevens looked on uneasily. The work was not easy, for the bar was one and a half inches thick, and gold, though soft, is troublesome to cut. At length Wallis got through, and taking one complete bar and one of the pieces placed them on the spring balance. 'It's rather too much,' he said, smiling to himself at the thought of a man weighing gold and not regarding accuracy within a pound or two avoirdupois. He lifted what he had weighed from the scale pan to the table before Stevens. 'There is your 2,000*l.*,' he said sternly, 'and about 100*l.* over.'

Stevens shrieked out useless oaths, 'I won't take it.'

'All right,' said Wallis, 'please yourself. The payment is good even for a legal debt, since gold bullion is a universal and international currency. You are now temporarily rich; 2,100*l.* is a handsome sum.' While Stevens hurled threats and prayers indifferently at his head, Wallis put what remained of the gold into two strong hand-bags, and prepared to leave.

'By the bye,' he said, 'if Graham becomes troublesome, give him a nugget on account. It will please him. Your latest dancing girl would love a lump, and you might dispose of the surplus to a "fence." Good-bye.'

Wallis was gone, and Stevens sat trembling at the table, with 550 useless ounces of solid gold mocking his wretchedness.

Wallis walked down Gray's Inn Road, carrying a bag, loaded with over forty pounds weight, in each hand. He was strong, but the weight was terrible, and the infinite weariness of the burden oppressed him. He was not troubled by the simple fact of his crime; but the futility of it, the pressing danger of discovery with the gold in his possession, the waste of thought and skill—these things stabbed him into anger. He went down Snow Hill into Farringdon Street, and so to Blackfriars Bridge. The gold grew heavier as he walked, and no relief was possible by an interchange of loads. The treasure, which anyone among the passing crowd would have killed him to possess, was nothing but a burden and a danger. He stopped in the middle of Blackfriars Bridge, and rested the bags for a moment on the parapet, thinking.

Wallis was in many respects a practical genius. He had no imagination to disturb the soundness of his judgment, and his execution when a plan had been formed was prompt and perfect. He had designed and executed the cleverest and most successful gold robbery that records tell of. He had failed where he was certain to fail, and now in failure his judgment, which had been disturbed by the false glimmer of success, came back to him.

With a quick, deliberate movement, he pushed both bags off the parapet into the river.

A policeman approached, proudly indignant.

'Young man, the public has no business to throw things into the river.'

'No!' answered Wallis lightly. 'There are many things we have no business to do.'

'You are about no good.'

'On the contrary, I never did a better deed in my life.'

Wallis walked with the policeman to the station. He knew the intolerable weight of those bags, and knew that the gold would at least secure the useful purpose of keeping them at the bottom of the river. He was detained for twenty-four hours, and then released with a warning. The sententious solemnity of the police amused him. He went away, and wearied of profitless crime reverted to honesty, and prospered according to the measure of his intelligence.

How the respectable Stevens concealed his treasure I do not know. When his unpaid money-lender and his numberless other clamouring creditors—the man kept a box at Fulham in which he entertained a succession of dancing-girls—swept up the relics of his property, they found no gold and no case with the Bank of England's broken seal. The man was bankrupt and broken in spirit. He was discharged from the North Eastern Bank, and may occasionally be seen, on his lucky days, carrying sandwich boards in the Strand. So the dancing-girls, whom he cherished in his prosperity, continue to profit by him in his failure.

BENNET COPPLESTONE.

## THE TRAINING OF HOUSEWIVES.

I FEEL inclined to begin this paper by a paraphrase of the remark made by one of Offenbach's Blind Beggars—'I was born of poor but dishonest parents.' The proper way to begin would be to say, 'Writing as an active and experienced manager of a group of London Board Schools, I &c. &c.' But, unfortunately, truth compels me to say that I am both an *inactive* and *inexperienced* manager. Still my work has taught me a great deal that I did not know before, and when I read Mrs. Earle's article on 'Servants' in the February 'Cornhill,' I thought that part of my experience might be worth telling to people who are interested in the technical training of girls. Mrs. Earle expresses a wish that the free education of girls may be carried on after the age of thirteen, by fitting them for what may be termed domestic callings. This is just what the Board of Technical Education is already doing. Scattered over London are a number of Polytechnics, and most of these institutions receive a special grant from the Board of Technical Education for scholarships in domestic economy. The girls from the group of schools of which I am one of the managers, hold their scholarships at the South-West London Polytechnic in Manresa Road, Chelsea. It is of the School of Domestic Economy, held in this Polytechnic, that I propose to give a short account.

The first step in the business is to select suitable scholars. The head mistress of each Board School finds out, among the eldest girls at school, which girls have a liking for 'matters of the house.' Although the training would be good in the abstract for every girl, the mistress tries above all to choose girls who want to use cooking, sewing, &c., as the means of earning their living. The most paying exercise of the domestic arts is to be found in the field of household service, and it is sometimes possible to induce girls to believe this. I always feel inclined to tell the hesitating and potential scullery-maid the story of a certain legal Home Secretary and the County Court judges. A deputation of their Honours once waited on their official chief, who received them with great complacency, and, looking round with a satisfied

smile, exclaimed: 'What a profession is ours!—even our failures are County Court judges!' In service, also, even the failures are comfortably lodged and fed, and get at least 20*l.* a year and washing!

The head mistress of a Board School then talks to the girls who are leaving, and tries to find out whether they have any talent for cooking, or whether they would like to be dressmakers, or if the laundry or housework attracts them. Each head mistress is allowed to send in three names, but sometimes there are not as many as three suitable girls. Of course it is not often that more than two candidates from the same school are chosen—sometimes not more than one. The head mistress fills in forms as to the age and 'standard' of the girl, the circumstances of her parents, &c. &c. The successful candidates are then elected by the Board—of course by selection, as no examination would be practicable.

The holder of each scholarship in the School of Domestic Economy is entitled, first, to a course of five months' free instruction for five days a week in the school. The hours are from 9.30 to 4.30. Secondly, the clothes they make—a dress, nightgown, and apron, all made to measure for themselves—are given them at the end of the course; and, thirdly, their dinner, an excellent hot meal, cooked by the students in the cookery class, and tea are given them gratis every day. The school year is divided into three terms, and there are two full five-month courses a year. The first course begins at the half-term in February, and continues till the end of the full term in July. The second batch of scholars begin their work in September and end at the half-term in February. There are about forty-five girls a course in the school, and of these about thirty hold scholarships under the Technical Board.

On the first day of the course all the girls assemble in the room of the Lady Principal of the Polytechnic, Mrs. Gould Pinder, at 9.30. She talks a little to each one, asking them a few questions as to their tastes &c. in work, and giving each a few words of encouragement. The girls are then divided into three groups for morning study in, respectively, the cookery school, the laundry, and the workroom. These three groups are called the A's, B's, and C's. When the school was first opened, in September 1896, the girls were grouped according to age, size, and attainments. Whereupon the big girls of Class A put on all the airs of a first class, and refused to have anything to do with the

small fry in Classes B and C. Mrs. Pinder now mixes them all, big and little, judiciously together.

Let us take the ordinary routine of a girl's day at school. First, the senior assistant mistress calls the register. Then at 9.25 Mrs. Pinder comes in and reads prayers to students and teachers together. After that work begins. Each group takes cookery, laundry, and sewing on successive mornings—that is, Monday, cookery; Tuesday, needlework; Wednesday, washing, and so on *da capo*. Of course, while the A's are cooking, the B's will be sewing and the C's washing, each group consisting of about thirteen girls. After dinner at 12.30, the girls have recreation in the gymnasium till 2.0—all the girls, that is, except the six who are appointed each week for 'fatigue duty' in washing up. In the afternoon the girls all work together, except that a group is detached every afternoon for practical housework. The rest of the girls go to lectures on the chemistry of food or on hygiene, and thrice a week their personal health is attended to by their having drilling lessons. They also have a singing class once a week. When learning how to do housework the girls have the immense advantage of not having to exercise themselves in a 'dummy' room arranged for the purpose. They are taken over to the Lady Principal's house and there shown their work in a real room which is really used, not a room which has been left empty since the last time that it was swept and garnished by the last set of scholars.

To turn for a moment to how and what the girls are taught in the three subjects which they take in the mornings, let us take the needlework class first. The students are taught, in the first instance, how to take measurements and to draught patterns; then the homely art of mending is attended to. After this they work on the three garments which they are to possess for their own; and by the time the turn of the dresses comes, effects of individual tastes and capabilities are clearly visible.

Next day one may find these same girls in the laundry. In this class the girls wash their own clothes, and borrow their father's or brothers' collars and shirts on which to learn ironing. For, as in the housework so in this department, the girls are taught to do real work, not to practise on a dummy.

Perhaps to the eye of the housewife the cookery class is the most interesting in the school. Here, again, is no teaching for the sake of the lesson, but real food is prepared for hungry

people to eat; and by half-past twelve the forty-five girls and their teachers are very hungry. A meal, which I can testify both looks and smells exceedingly appetising, is prepared for them in the kitchen; and I must say that I felt dismayed at the extravagance of my weekly bills when Mrs. Pinder assured me that the cost per head of giving the girls dinner and tea did not exceed fivepence a day. For dinner they always have meat and vegetables, sometimes fish, and always pudding. Their bill of fare includes joints of beef, such as aitchbone &c., roast and boiled mutton (the mutton, of course, is bought by the 'whole sheep'), very nice-looking pies, and paste turnovers which are made on cold meat cookery days. For vegetables, they have cabbages, potatoes, &c., as well as 'dry' vegetables, lentils, haricots, &c. The girls learn to skin, fillet, and cook the cheaper kinds of fish, and in a long list of the puddings which they cook and eat are all kinds of milk puddings, suet puddings, dumplings, 'black cap,' treacle tart, &c., &c.

The teaching at the Polytechnic schools is by no means the end of technical education in domestic branches. There are apprenticeships to be earned at leading West End shops for the girls who are best at needlework, and scholarships at the National School of Cookery for the clever cooks. A new departure in the course just begun in Manresa Road is the granting of nine Continuation Scholarships in the school itself. That is to say, Mrs. Pinder and the teachers in the three departments select three girls in each department, who will be granted a further course of five months' instruction, each girl specialising in the particular branch in which she has been elected. Thus the best three girls in the cooking class will have five months' more teaching in cooking, and so on.

In this way does the County Council lead the Board School horses to the water, but it is beyond the power of any Government Department to make them drink. That can only be done by their parents; and unfortunately the parents, on whom the making or marring of the work of education finally depends, seem to a great extent to be losing their sense of responsibility about their children. Unforeseen opportunities have always 'turned up' for their girls, and the mothers cannot believe that this will not go on always. Confident in this idea, instead of seizing the chance of getting the girls started in life on their leaving the Polytechnic, the mothers insist on 'having them at home a bit'—

generally a year or so—which means that the girls lose touch with Mrs. Pinder and others who would help to start them in their careers, and also forget much that they have learnt.

I cannot help hoping that the Board of Technical Education will some day see their way to devising some plan to avoid, first, the girls at the School of Domestic Economy being too young to get an immediate return for their work; and, secondly, the year at home, on which the mothers insist, being taken at the end instead of at the beginning of their technical training. It is, of course, obvious that the scholarships should be a continuation of their school work; that is, that there should be no hiatus between the school work and their scholarship work. Could not a loophole of escape be found by granting some of the scholarships to the scholars in *regular attendance* at Evening Continuation Schools? The girls would have their year or so at home with their mothers, and yet their learning would be going on all the time in the evening. Then the parents might be induced to regard the School of Domestic Economy, not as the end of the girls' education, but as the beginning of their career, which would make all the difference. But these are Utopian dreams, and there is probably some vital objection to taking girls except on their leaving the day schools. Meanwhile, of course, no training so good as this is actually lost, and we ought to feel that something is being done, if, after the training at Manresa Road, we can actually see that we have started one out of every ten scholars on a good and useful career in life. I may say, in conclusion, that if there is a vacancy it is open to private persons to pay the fees for the teaching of a girl—though, besides the tuition fees, they must of course pay for her food and the materials used for sewing. And these girls may be as old as their senders choose. It is interesting to find that the school is already having an effect in making girls wish to go into domestic service. Mrs. Pinder says that she finds a great change in public opinion among the girls in this matter. Even were this its only work, the school would have accomplished something. It would be a great pity if such a vast and important field of labour as domestic service were given over to the incompetent. And it is well to find that intelligent and capable girls are beginning to realise that George Herbert was speaking nothing but truth when he said:—

Who sweeps a room as for God's Law,  
Makes that and the action fine.

AMY STRACHEY.



## CAMILA O'GORMAN.

ON the evening of the 5th of February last I paid a visit to a native house in Montevideo and sat down among a group of estimable citizens, who were rolling cigarettes and chatting in simple Creole fashion, seated on wooden chairs round a table in a bare whitewashed room. Suddenly the Italian housekeeper ran into the room, exclaiming, in her mixture of Tuscan and Castilian, '*Que mala nuova! Don Antonino Reyes ha muerto: Don Antonino Reyes is dead.*' Many and hearty were the expressions of grief: our host, an amiable old artist, was deeply affected. '*Tan bueno era,*' he kept repeating—'he was so good.'

The white head, genial countenance, and rapid boylike gait of Don Antonino Reyes were well known in the streets of Montevideo; he seemed the very personification of innocent venerable old age. For years he had lived a quiet useful life, working in the goods department of the Central Uruguay Railway, and he died in his bed at the age of eighty-four, surrounded by a numerous family and lamented by a circle of estimable friends. Yet a few years ago Gutierrez, the most popular of Argentine authors, wrote thus: 'There still lives in Montevideo Colonel Antonino Reyes, commander of the camp of Santos Lugares, and aide-de-camp to his Excellency (the Dictator Rozas). How often must this man shudder on recalling the dreadful scenes of Santos Lugares! If he chose to speak, what tragedies could he relate to us! Don Antonino Reyes is one of the few actors in these scenes of horror still living. He has reached an advanced age, like Rozas himself. The Lord knows why He lets him live.'

Yes, this genial and respectable old gentleman, with his humble employment and modest ways, had been an agent in more scenes of barbarous horror, had superintended the shedding of more innocent blood, than any man living in the River Plate. He was the last link with a period half forgotten, the reign of terror in Buenos Aires, the tyranny of Rozas. For several years before the fatal 3rd of February 1852, when Rozas fell, Antonino Reyes was commander of the military camp at Santos Lugares, which was the Dictator's principal instrument of tyranny. Here Rozas

had managed to get together as thorough a set of scoundrels as could be found in South America. Political prisoners from the interior were generally confined in this camp, and subjected to the tender mercies of Don Antonino's men, until the order came for death, flogging, imprisonment, or compulsory military service. These prisoners often arrived in the camp more dead than alive, from travelling barefooted, driven by the bayonet, over the spiky grass of the Pampa, under a burning sun. Their existence in the camp was a series of tortures and mockeries; the four bullets which closed it must have been almost welcome to many of them.

As soon as a prisoner arrived at the camp, Reyes sent a brief report to Palermo, the Dictator's *quinta*, or villa, near Buenos Aires; here is a specimen:

'The Justice of the Peace at Dolores sends prisoner a certain José Maria Caballero, for having trampled on the picture of the illustrious Restorer of the Laws during the insurrection of the savages<sup>1</sup> in that district. . . . (Signed) ANTONINO REYES.'

This paper was returned to Reyes marked with a single word 'Fusílese' ('Let him be shot!'), with the signature 'Juan M. de Rozas.'

In South America history goes at a gallop; the events of yesterday are forgotten to-morrow—fortunately for the reputations of many living men; but one incident must have formed a page in his memory which could never be gummed down. The tragedy of Camila O'Gorman<sup>2</sup> has touched the hearts of two generations, and has impressed itself more deeply on the popular imagination than all the other crimes of Rozas; not that it was essentially more barbarous and wicked than a hundred other acts of slaughter, but, surrounded as it is by so many touching circumstances, the sad end of this young and beautiful but erring girl forms a singularly striking tale of unfortunate love. We give the story as related by Saldias, the latest biographer of Rozas. Saldias is a thorough *Rosista*, so that his account is not likely to exaggerate the crime. He ignores most of the barbarities committed with the authority or connivance of Rozas, but probably

<sup>1</sup> *Savages*—the official designation given by Rozas to his political opponents, the Unitarios.

<sup>2</sup> Like many other Irish names, *O'Gorman* has become thoroughly Spanish. Camila really bore the name of Virgil's heroine, for single *l* in Spanish is pronounced like our double *l*.

felt that he could not ignore a story of which all the details are so well known and so well authenticated.

Ladislao Gutierrez was a native of Tucuman, the subtropical forest district of the Argentine Republic; being a handsome and vigorous youth of ardent imagination and strong ambition, he went to the capital in search of a career, bearing letters of recommendation to the Governor Rozas. The Dictator persuaded him to take holy orders, and made him parish priest of the Church of Succour (*Iglesia del Socorro*) in Buenos Aires. Among his parishioners was a girl of nineteen, named Camila O'Gorman, the daughter of Spanish parents, with whom she lived surrounded by the most strict and old-fashioned Castilian etiquette; she was of an emotional temperament and somewhat capricious and unconventional tastes, as she showed in her dress, her choice of books, and other such matters. This romantic young lady became a constant attendant at the church served by the handsome young priest; out of service hours she was to be seen decorating altars or kneeling in private devotion; the parish priest on the other hand became a constant visitor at Señor O'Gorman's house. The confessional did the rest, and in the course of December 1847 Camila whispered to her lover—a lover condemned and sworn to lifelong celibacy—that she was about to become a mother.

The priest-lover saw only one course, the fatal course of flight; and Camila agreed to follow the man to whom she had sacrificed everything. They left Buenos Aires secretly on the night of December 12, and reached Santa Fé, two hundred miles up the river. Here they obtained passports under the name of Maximo Brandier and Señora, and then continued their journey to Goya, a little town two hundred miles farther on, situated on the banks of the River Paraná in the province of Corrientes. Here they seemed to have reached another country, almost another world. The Corrientino scarcely considered himself an Argentine; his province had been at war with Buenos Aires again and again, and his province was his country; only seven years previously Corrientes had been the recruiting ground and base of operations of Lavalle in the civil war against Rozas. Here the fugitives might well consider themselves safe; they took a house and opened a school for boys and girls. Thus they lived confidently as man and wife, gaining their daily bread and enjoying such brief and passionate happiness as springs from

absolute devotion together with absolute disregard of law, convention, and sacred oaths.

In Buenos Aires, when the priest was missed from his parish and the girl from her home, the first impulse both of the horrified clergy and the distracted parents was to conceal the scandal and search privately for the delinquents. After some days, the search having proved vain, the bishop addressed the Dictator, requesting him to trace out and punish this 'horrible event (*suceso horrendo*), which deserved the greatest penalties.' Other petitions from the clergy followed in equally strong language, and finally the father of the unfortunate girl visited Rozas to urge the punishment of a crime 'atrocious and hitherto unheard of in the country.' Rozas at once took effective action; he sent to all the provincial governors a description of the fugitives, commanding instant search and arrest.

The schoolmaster and his wife, quietly living and working in their remote corner, were soon rudely awakened from their idyll. The Dictator Rozas had a long arm; he had long since beaten down the lingering disaffection of the remotest frontiers, and all the governors of the provinces were his obedient creatures. Gutierrez and his mistress were recognised from the description, and arrested by Virasoro, governor of the province of Corrientes. He despatched them on board a sailing-ship for Buenos Aires, at the same time writing to inform the Dictator.

On receiving the news, Rozas ordered a cell in the prison to be prepared for the male prisoner; he was to be treated with the greatest consideration, and his meals were to be sent in to him from an inn. Two rooms were prepared for Camila in the *Casa de Ejercicios*; they were furnished with all the little niceties appropriate to a lady's lodging, and a servant was placed in them to await the arrival of her mistress. The harbour authorities were ordered to convey the prisoners ashore at midnight, on the arrival of the ship, in order to avoid the scandal of publicity. Apparently the intention of Rozas was to send the man for trial and to restore the girl to her parents after some detention.

However, as Saldias puts it with characteristic Castilian grandiloquence, 'Dante's mass of lead was descending upon their heads impelled by infernal inspiration.' The Opposition press published in Montevideo took up the subject, painted in the darkest colours the crime of Gutierrez, and reproached the Government with the state of immorality thus revealed. But Rozas probably thought more of gratifying the clergy than of listening to his political opponents: he consulted the leading jurists of

Buenos Aires; with one exception they declared that the ancient laws assigned death as the penalty of such a crime.

Meantime, as bad luck would have it, the ship which bore the prisoners was driven by a storm to San Pedro, a hundred miles up the river from Buenos Aires, and the skipper declared himself unable to continue his voyage; the local authorities accordingly took charge of the prisoners, and sent them to Santos Lugares, to the custody of Antonino Reyes. On hearing of their arrival in the camp, Camila's father visited Rozas, to beg that exemplary punishment might be inflicted. But the Dictator had already formed a determination which included not only the perjured priest who had prostituted the sacred mysteries of the confessional, but also his unfortunate victim. That same day Antonino Reyes received orders to place each prisoner in solitary confinement, to load their legs with fetters, and to take their declarations. Next day—August 18, 1848—there came a brief message from Palermo that they should receive the consolations of religion, and should then be shot.

Camila by this time was sick and wasted away by trouble and apprehensions. To her questions as to the probable fate of her lover, Reyes could not bring himself to reply. He wrote instead to Manuelita Rozas, begging her intercession with her father the Dictator, and at the same time wrote to inform Rozas that the female prisoner was *enceinte*. In reply he received a sharp reproof for delaying to execute the governor's commands. Accordingly Major Reyes, as he then was, deputed an officer to prepare for the execution, and another to warn the prisoners. A priest visited Camila, confessed and absolved her; and then, according to Roman Catholic custom in such a case, administered the rite of baptism to the unborn babe.

As the fatal procession was being formed, Gutierrez asked Reyes whether Camila was also to suffer death. On receiving an affirmative answer, he begged from Reyes a slip of paper and a pencil, and wrote the words: 'Camila, thou diest with me; we have not been able to live together upon earth, but we shall be united in the presence of God. Thy Gutierrez embraces thee.'

Each prisoner, blindfolded and fettered, was then bound upon a chair, which was raised upon the shoulders of four men, and

<sup>1</sup> The condensed pathos of the words loses so much in translation, that I add the original.

'Camila, mueres conmigo; ya que no hemos podido vivir juntos en la tierra, nos uniremos ante Dios. Te—abrazas—tu—Gutierrez.'

carried out attended by a company of soldiers with drums beating. The chairs were placed upon the ground; the soldiers formed three sides of a square; four men stood with levelled muskets before each victim; the fatal order was given; the rattle of eight discharges sounded, and the double or rather triple murder was accomplished.

Three years later the despot who had commanded it fell before an armed revolution, and fled to England. He lived for five and twenty years as a respected country gentleman near Southampton, and finally died in his bed at the age of eighty, attended by his daughter Manuelita.

Antonino Reyes was at the Dictator's side up to the moment of his defeat, but did not share his flight. After his master was gone, he was arrested, but contrived to escape from prison before trial, and got away to Montevideo, where he joined a conspiracy to overthrow the new Government of Buenos Aires; in consequence he was condemned to death for treason in his absence. However, all this has long since been forgotten; frequently he visited his native country unmolested; and he died at a ripe old age after years of modest but honourable labour.

This account would not be complete without a translation of three paragraphs from a letter written in Spanish by Rozas twenty-two years after the execution of Camila and her lover:—

‘Southampton: March 6, 1870.

‘No one counselled me the execution of the priest Gutierrez and Camila O’Gorman; nor did any one speak or write to me in their favour. On the contrary, all the principal persons among the clergy spoke or wrote to me as to this daring crime, and the urgent necessity of an exemplary punishment, in order to prevent similar scandals.

‘My opinion was the same, and, the responsibility being mine, I commanded the execution. During the time that I presided over the Government of Buenos Aires, in charge of the Foreign Affairs of the Argentine Confederation, with the supreme power by the law, I governed according to my conscience. Thus I am the sole person responsible for all my actions, my good deeds as well as my bad, my errors and my right decisions.

‘The circumstances during the years of my administration were always extraordinary, and it is not just that under such circumstances I should be judged as in times of quiet and calm.’

F. A. KIRKPATRICK,

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

*February 1st.*—It has been found convenient to name the peacocks, so I have called them 'Thomas' and 'Love.' To induce them to stay at home, I was advised to give them company, and accordingly I bought some guinea-fowls—birds, as I think, of singularly beautiful plumage. In Berkshire we call them *gallinis*, which, oddly enough, was the name of a dancing master who, some time last century, ran away with one of Lord Abingdon's daughters and came to live in Berkshire. Gallinis are apt to be wild, and have a trick of wandering far afield and laying their eggs (your eggs) in your neighbour's preserve; but these were warranted home-keeping, and so they have proved. But I could sometimes wish they would visit other places. At night they roost in the old oak, and about twelve o'clock begin their lugubrious recitative:

vexing the ethereal powers  
With midnight matins at uncivil hours.

The doctor, who lives at the other end of the village, tells me he finds them of service in keeping him from falling asleep again after he has been called up, and I cannot but be glad that my loss should in any way subserve another's gain. But peacocks or no peacocks, doctor or no doctor, those birds must die. Last night, between sleeping and waking, I composed their dirge with singular ease, as I remember, though I can now recall but a few lines. It began:

O guinea-fowls, that on yon bloomless spray  
Warble at midnight when the woods are still;

and there was something about:

I tell your hopeless doom in some barn nigh;  
For you from night to night have sung too late  
For my relief, yet had no reason why.

*3rd.*— I saw an amusing scene this afternoon at our railway station. My companion X., who is a keen grammarian, fell a-laughing at a sentence on the notice-board, which is certainly Lindley Murray 'a little scratched.' It runs: 'If passengers are



desirous of leaving luggage or parcels under the charge of the Company; they must themselves take, or see them taken to and deposited in, the cloak room.' Looking round for some one to share his glee (I being engaged at the ticket office), X. spied the local postman and began showing him the absurdity of the thing; but the postman could see no absurdity. 'They must themselves take,' says X.; 'take what?' 'Why, take the luggage,' says the postman. 'It doesn't say so,' says X. 'Yes, it does,' says the postman. 'Well, where are they to take?' says X. 'Why, to the cloak room,' says the postman. 'It doesn't say so,' says X. 'Yes, it does,' says the postman. After this dialogue in the manner of Sterne they were both very red; but X.'s indomitable spirit would not give way, and the postman became every moment more convinced he was being made a fool of. Happily the train soon solved the situation by ambling in. Public inscriptions have been of interest to me from very early years. I recollect that my first letter to a newspaper was to point out the misplacement of an apostrophe in a notice board of the South Coast Railway. But things that interest me have never interested editors, and my first letter fared no better than my last. There is a notice hanging in our village post-office to the effect that 'Postmasters are neither bound to give change nor authorised to demand it.' This seems to the unofficial mind to lead to an *impasse*. If I present a half-sovereign for a five-shilling postal order, and the postmaster has no small silver, what is to happen? He says, 'I am not bound to give change;' to which I retort, 'Nor are you authorised to demand it.' But a notice that gave me more pleasure even than this was one sent round when the telegraph wires were first brought to us; it was so non-committal: 'After January 1st telegrams will be *dealt with* at this office.' There were no idle tradesmanlike promises about promptitude or despatch, or even about the transmission of the messages. They would be '*dealt with*;' I presume, on the merits.

6th.—'Verbum non amplius'—*influenza*.

12th.—It has been a fairly mild attack, and I have not grudged a few days in bed, still less a few days of convalescence; for as there is no infectious peeling in influenza, I have had no scruple in ordering a variety of light literature from the circulating library. 'Send something cheerful,' I said. At the

top of the heap came 'Weeping Ferry.' I remembered a passage in Herrick, where Charon says—

Thou and I'll sing to make these dark shades merry,  
Who else with tears would doubtless drown my ferry.

So I took heart, hoping Charon—if it was Charon's ferry—might still be in the mood for a song. Well, I am not going to dethrone 'Esther Vanhomrigh;' but I am confirmed in my opinion that Mrs. Woods is one of the very few writers of to-day who write English.<sup>1</sup> After 'Weeping Ferry' I read 'The King with two Faces'—a story that has justly become popular. And then I read Mr. Wells's 'Certain Personal Matters.' Mr. Wells's uncle is a very old friend, and I was gratified to make the acquaintance of his aunt Charlotte, with whose taste for mahogany I sympathise. Then, being deeply interested in the Scotch, I fell back on Chambers's new 'Biographical Dictionary,' for this dictionary includes all the Scotsmen who ever lived, with just a sprinkling of Medes and Elamites, like slaves in the triumphal chariot, to avert the evil eye. There are some interesting stories of Bright in Mrs. Simpson's 'Many Memories;' it is vastly entertaining to see how a tribune who was never weary of bullying the country gentry appealed to all the gods when it was proposed to interfere with his own omnipotence by Factory Acts.

14th.—The doctor told me this morning an anecdote which may interest psychologists. He had been attending for some considerable period a country parson, and, according to a fashion now becoming antiquated, attending him *gratis*. When in due course the parson died, his widow wrote to inquire how much the doctor would allow her for the medicine bottles. When I recalled Wordsworth's lines—

Alas! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning?—

the doctor observed, first, that Wordsworth was not in medical practice, and secondly that he says nothing about women. In

<sup>1</sup> But why, oh why, does Mrs. Woods, who is a poet, misquote the finest lines in Wordsworth?

<sup>2</sup> 17th.—In defence of the maligned sex I should like to record a case of gratitude in a woman that left me a little mournful. I had sent Charlotte a book for her birthday last autumn, and at breakfast to-day she said: 'Oh, thank you for that delightful book you sent me.' 'Oh,' I said, 'what was it?'—'Dear me,' said C., 'I have quite forgotten.'

regard to the first point, I believe it is a fact that country doctors find great difficulty in collecting their fees; and in regard to the second, as gratitude depends upon imagination, it may well be that women, having less imagination than men, are less grateful. The doctor told me 'intermittent heart' is a not uncommon female ailment. Sophia, to whom I communicated the anecdote, will have it that it makes nothing against women in general, but only against a particular species with sharply defined virtues and defects, the country parsoness. But for this lady I would very gladly hold a brief, even against Sophia. It is easy enough to caricature her as a sort of ogress fattening up the peasant on beef-tea and milk puddings to make a meal for her husband; for, no doubt, she is often as keen a partisan as Mr. Arch himself, or the gentlemen who go round the villages in red vans making fun of her and her blankets, or the amiable celibates who point the finger at her in Socialist church magazines. But let her be ill and have to leave home for a month, as sometimes happens to our good 'Vicaress,' and hear the clamour of the village mothers!

16th.—I came up to Charlotte's for a few days. I found her in high indignation at having been summoned to Clerkenwell to give evidence against a beggar to whom, misled by some forged signatures, she had given half a crown. Till the case came on she was detained for three hours in a fireless room among other 'female witnesses.' She was also in sad trouble at the illness of her favourite cat, whom she had brought up on strict teetotal and vegetarian principles—so much so that pussy would neither eat mice nor sparrows, though she hunted them with the best. Charlotte suspected, with some reason, that the catsmeat-man of the neighbourhood had been trying to arouse dormant desires, with the result of upsetting a delicate stomach.

There are two flies, trifling and absurd, which yet somewhat mar the ointment of my infrequent visits to town. The first is that the ancient door-keeper at my club is too often off duty, leaving his place to a buttons who insults me by asking my name; the other, that my friends become indignant if I do not pay visits. Now, as some of them reside as far north as the Regent's Park, and others as far south as Chelsea, to pay calls I must either run the risk of bronchitis in a hansom, or of asthma in the Underground Railway. Of the two on this occasion I dreaded asthma least, and have in consequence spent much time on the Inner Circle of that inferno. I observed there that

ladies never open a carriage-door (for fear, I presume, of soiling their gloves), but wait until a door opens from within and then make a rush for it. If they are a party of six, and the compartment is already full, while others are empty, this makes no difference; nor does it concern them if the carriage they invade is one where men are smoking. In fact, I saw yesterday a posse of ladies carry by assault a smoking-carriage, from which one man had alighted, all the rest beating a sullen retreat into the adjoining compartment. I observed also that most ladies wore blue dresses and yellow hair; this was probably in view of the County Council election, blue and yellow being the genuine old Tory colours. It was delightful to witness such sacrifice for principle, for I can hardly believe but that some of the hair was dyed. But I hold with Selden that to dye is perfectly legitimate, and one need not quote Horace to be assured how peculiarly sweet and decorous it is to do so for one's country. I should judge that if a person had time to spend and could breathe the atmosphere, he would glean a rich harvest of humours there below the streets. In my short journey to-day I saw a man who turned his hat the front side to the back when he got in, and reversed it again when he got out; I saw another who took down the number of the carriage in case of accidents; and a third who was 'the very model' of an old Leech picture with Dundreary whiskers. Perhaps one might find down there buried examples of all the forgotten fashions.

17th.—To the Millais Exhibition. Many of the pictures are old friends or old enemies, but one which I had never before seen fascinated me. It was the portrait of an elderly lady, much wrinkled, with a parrot; and suggested nothing so much as that picture of which Mr. Anstey tells in 'The Fallen Idol,' into which Chalanka, the wicked image, got himself painted as an accessory, and then transferred his features to the sitter. It would be interesting to know who the sitter was, and whether the picture has a romantic history. As it is against my principles to enrich the Academy, I forbore to purchase a catalogue. One great charm of the exhibitions at Burlington House is that they may appeal to more than one sense; when the eye is satisfied with seeing, the ear may take its turn of pleasure. The waifs and strays of conversation that have from time to time reached me without any deliberate eavesdropping, although never so delightful as those recorded in 'Voces Populi'—for a jest lives in the ear even more than on the lips—have often been as interesting as the

pictures, and quite as artless. This morning the first conversation to strike me was this: 'Do you know, I feel quite sure it is coming on; Mary is down with it and the nurse; and if I had not pledged myself to bring you here to-day I should have stayed in bed. However, I shall turn in as soon as I get home.' I felt I was intruding on domestic mysteries, and moved away to the farther end of the room. Then, while I was looking at the beautiful dove-coloured picture of Mr. Ruskin in a prospect of rocks and waterfalls, two young ladies stationed themselves in front of me, and began to discuss a sister art. Said A.: 'I see that the Poet-Laureate is about to give up writing in the "Standard," in order to devote more time to the Muses.' Said B.: 'Oh, who is the Poet-Laureate?' A.: 'For shame, Sylvia; what ignorance! His name is Alfred Austin. Isn't it strange that both he and Tennyson should have been called Alfred? and so many poets, too, are called Austin. There is Alfred Austin, and Austin Dobson, and' (after a pause) 'Jane Austin.' It is rather a poetical name, don't you think?' B.: 'Yes, dear. But we always take the "Standard" at home, and I have never seen any poetry in it.' A.: 'Oh no; that's just it. The Poet-Laureate has not had time to write any poetry yet, because he has had to write the "Standard." But now he's going to begin. You see, the Poet-Laureate in these days has to be such a political person. My father said, when Mr. Austin was appointed, that it was a happy return to the sound Conservative principles that prevailed in Mr. Shadwell's time; and he hoped the Government, with their large majority, would have the courage to make the post a genuinely party one, so that Sir Lewis Morris might come in when Mr. Austin went out.' B.: 'Oh yes, I do so hope he will. I do so dote on his wall-papers. But who was Mr. Shadwell?' A.: 'Oh, Sylvia, do look at the marvellous stratification of these rocks,' &c.

<sup>1</sup> Besides these, there was a William Austin of Lincoln's Inn, who wrote three capital Christmas carols; and a Samuel Austin, of whose 'steropegeretick poetry' that sadly misnamed poet, Flatman, wrote—

The beetles of our rhimes shall drive full fast in  
The wedges of your worth to everlasting,  
My much Apocalyptiqu' friend, *Sam. Austin.*

The father of this Samuel and the son of this William were also poets, and probably the 'Dictionary of Biography' would extend the list. All these, not excepting Jane, seem worthy scions of the great saint and rhetorician whose name they bear.

This conversation has given me, what I very much wanted, a subject for a paper due at the Lit. and Phil.; it shall be 'Poetry and Politics: their Mutual Relations and Antipathies.' I know at least one anecdote that will be useful in illustration. Young — was on a yacht with the late William Morris, who very much took to him, and after some days revealed to the youngster that he was a poet. 'Oh!' replied —, not to be outdone, 'so is my grandfather.' 'And who is he?' asked Morris. 'The D. of A-g-ll.' Morris turned on his heel and had nothing more to say to the poor lad.

Pursuing for a moment the subject of poets' names, would it be fair to say that the recurrence of the patronymic particle '-son' in so many poets' names to-day points to a certain absence of Apollonian inspiration, as who should say *terræ filii*? I but throw out the suggestion for what it is worth; at any rate, a poet whose name is pontifical has found a good deal of appropriateness in the names of the 'Poetæ Majores.'

For I must think the adopting Muses chose  
 Their sons by name, knowing none would be heard  
 Or writ so oft in all the world as those:  
 Dan Chaucer, mighty Shakespeare, then for third  
 The classic Milton, and to us arose  
 Shelley with liquid music in the word.

17th.—To Her Majesty's Theatre. All plays deserving the name were written to be acted, and so it is not wonderful that even at this date we gain new lights on Shakespeare from any decent representation. To-night I gathered without difficulty why they killed Cæsar. His nose, his walk, his voice, his false emphasis, deserved each a several murder. The only wonder is that he was ever tolerated till the third act; and, indeed, at Her Majesty's he is got rid of in the second. The gentleman who played Brutus was often excellent in a plain rhetorical way; but old days at the Lyceum would now and then come into memory, and spoil his accent and his gait. The only speech he gave really ill was the orchard soliloquy, which he recited as if Brutus had made up his mind before he began to think. And so, indeed, he had. And that may have been the actor's subtle meaning. Still, he should put the stress on the emphatic words in the argument. Cassius, too, was quite presentable. What a pathetic figure he is, with his affection for Brutus and desire to be loved back again!—the one human spot in his conspirator's nature

—which yet ruins the whole by making him, time after time, sacrifice his better judgment to his idol. And so that prig of paragons, his brother-in-law, is allowed to spoil the conspiracy by sparing Antony, and, worse, by letting him speak in the forum, and then spoil the campaign by bad generalship both in the council and in the field; while, to crown all, his colleague has to submit to the charge of peculation at the same moment that he is asked for money:

I did send to you for gold to pay my legions,  
For I can raise no money by vlt's means;

and when he tries to explain, is lectured on his bad temper. Of course, it is all retribution. Cassius wanted a moral cloak for his plot, and Brutus supplied what was necessary:

He covered, but his robe  
Uncovered more.

Lucius seemed preoccupied most of the time in rehearsing for private theatricals; I should guess that he was practising the part of Ariel, for he skipt and tript about in an airy, fairy manner not like any, even the most soaring, human boy that ever wore buttons. Antony necessarily lacked the one characteristic of Antony, genius; but its absence was amply atoned for by the excellent coaching of the crowd, so that his oration came off just as well as if it had been the real thing. By the way, I could not help thinking how useful it would be to Parliamentary candidates if their audiences could in the same way be taught their proper responses. Julius Cæsar had not been seen on the stage for many years, and one incidental result of the revival has been an enlargement of the *répertoire* of journalists. One comes on lines and half-lines now in the most unexpected places. It was only at the beginning of the year that a certain journal celebrated the solemn season by asking distinguished people for mottoes, and Sir Edwin Arnold chose the desolate speech of Brutus:

O that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.

On which a contemporary, whom I will not name, commented thus: 'We wonder from which of his fathom-deep Buddhist books Sir Edwin Arnold disinterred this cheery chirp.'

I hear a rumour that the Passmore Edwards Settlement has in contemplation a series of lectures upon Shakespeare for dramatic



critics. I hope a free-ticket will be sent to the gentleman who does the comic criticism for the 'Saturday Review,' for he has just discovered that Brutus has his weak points, and should be encouraged to the further discovery that Shakespeare had already discovered them.

19th.—My friend S., who is the incarnation of hospitality, makes a point of arranging a little dinner when I am in town. Being a person of reserved manners, and ignorant of the town interests of the hour, I sometimes find myself a little embarrassed for topics of table talk. On this occasion my blushes were saved by the generosity of my neighbour, an actor of distinction, who at once put me at ease by asking how I liked him in his new part. S. had warned me that it was against etiquette to confess to an actor that you had not seen him, and so I replied: 'Oh, amazingly! it seemed to me to revive the best traditions of the stage.' 'Ah then,' said he, 'you didn't care for my last piece!' 'On the contrary,' I replied, 'those were the classical traditions I referred to;' and I bowed, thinking that compliment could no further go, and that I had done all that could be expected of me. But my interlocutor resumed: '*Classical*, did you say? I should have called the play romantic myself.' 'But surely,' said I, 'there is a *ne plus ultra*, even in the romantic drama, that we may speak of as *classical*.' He looked dubious, and I mopped my face. I feared I had been laying it on with a trowel, but I saw that more was expected. If I had only been told what his last pieces were! Still, a risk had to be run, and I proceeded: 'It is remarkable, when one looks at the pictures in the Garrick Club, how inferior in grace and dignity and how immature in conception they appear when compared with the renderings of the same parts to which we are accustomed.' He looked mollified, and assented. 'As far as Shakespeare and Sheridan and other Elizabethans are concerned, that no doubt is so; but, you see, they didn't act Jones and Pinero, and so such a comparison can hardly be made.' 'Well, no,' I said, 'not in particulars; but we can judge the general style very well, and eke out our observation by the criticisms that have come down to us—on which you have only to consult Mr. Joseph Knight—and, without wishing to flatter, I should say that there are one or two actors to-day who combine a learning and polish due to study in the best schools with a spontaneity and *verve* that are altogether of our own time.' 'Two, did you say?' inquired he. 'No,' I said; 'I was ex-

aggerating—one.' By this time I did not know if it was I who was smoking or the soup.

In the country one has few opportunities of meeting these children of nature. Occasionally one sees an individual or a company at the railway stations, and then it is curious to note how instinctively they treat the platform as a stage, and take up the important positions on it. I wonder if acting now is as lucrative a profession as it was under Elizabeth. Shakespeare, we are told, got nothing to speak of for his plays, but made his fortune as an actor; and Alleyne, another actor, after providing for his family, founded Dulwich School. Another curious point about actors is that they should not be content with their own names, like painters and writers, but take names (the ladies especially) that belong to other people. Is there no property in names? N. told me of a model of his who wished to go upon the music-hall stage, and whom he asked 'What should you call yourself?' 'Oh, Alice Burne-Jones, certainly!'

21st.—It was to be positively the last dance before Lent, and positively we must go; and when Sophia is positive, it boots not that there are higher degrees of comparison. I suppose, if a man has a grown-up daughter, he must not repine if the privilege now and then entails a twenty-mile drive on a winter's night. Happily the season is clement, though the sky this morning looks as if it could snow if it would. I feel more resigned to my fate since I read in Saturday's 'Literature' a poem by the famous Rabbi ben Ezra, called 'Sursum Canda,' in which that learned gentleman maintains, with a fine adaptation of Oriental fatalism to Western social life, that man, being but a grasshopper, must hop.

Nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus.

Or, as the Rabbi has it:

No matter what the flight,  
Nor where the feet alight,  
To leap and pause and leap is all our human care.

If fashion bids, we must 'vault in fruitless curve beneath a larger light,' even if it be electric and eye-destroying. Our old vicar used to have an unreasonable prejudice against dancing, based on the story of King Herod and John Baptist; but, as I told him, no dancing I had ever seen in Berkshire houses was good enough to make the onlooker swear rash oaths, though I

allowed that a bad performance had sometimes that effect upon other performers. Moreover, if any reliance can be placed on the evidence of a very old window in Lincoln Cathedral, Herodias's daughter danced upon her head; which was, to say the least of it, not pretty manners. It shows how skin-deep the boasted Herodian Hellenism really was, that Herod took such a barbarian exhibition for fine art. The true Greek gentleman would have been disgusted; for Herodotus tells the story of a certain Hippocleides who thought to show his cleverness at a banquet by dancing on his head among the plates and dishes, a proceeding which so disgusted his future father-in-law that he at once broke off the match.

22nd.—Our last vicar, who was what used to be called a 'Low' churchman, was funny every Lent about the absurdity of a Carnival, and *à propos* of fasting would tell a story of a certain plate of chops he once saw at an after-concert supper on a Friday night, keeping hot till the clock had struck twelve. It seems to me, on the contrary, that the penitential season displays its seriousness by casting a shadow before it on Shrove Tuesday. Why else should mankind eat pancakes? At school on Shrove Tuesday there was an inevitable paper-chase, and, hungry as we always were, there was not a boy who would not have preferred running without pancakes. But we understood they were as much a part of necessary Lenten discipline as the service on Ash Wednesday; at which the old Head used always to quote with unction a verse I have since discovered in George Herbert:

Give to your mother what you would allow  
To every corporation.

But school sermons always blinked plain facts; as if *we* had the catering for anybody's corporation!

23rd.—The Zola case has come to its inevitable conclusion, and Englishmen must be forgiven if they think it more than ever to their credit that they are not as these Frenchmen. English soldiers are often, and perhaps justly, charged with contempt for civilians; but as a rule they confine themselves to generalities, as when the Commander-in-Chief says in his 'Pocket-Book' that a soldier's profession is the only one that could not be as well followed by his grandmother. But in this amazing trial the service has been swaggering over the Bar, over men of letters, and, oddly enough too, over dentists. 'You bring against us,' said General de Pellieux, shaking with fury, 'foreigners and dentists.'

The contempt for foreigners was once supposed to be a peculiar mark of the barbarous free-trading Englishman, and it is interesting to find it in the civilised and cosmopolitan French. The contempt for dentists is a more interesting symptom. It looks like a survival from feudal days, when the only surgeon was the barber, who, like the corn-cutter, exercises what is still held to be a menial function. The conduct of the judge has been censured no less than that of the generals; but on a closer view it deserves some praise. For what has he done? While preserving his own roof by apparent concessions to the mob, he has allowed all manner of things to come out in evidence that ostensibly he was hushing up. We in England do not know the terror of a Parisian mob; our own roughs, though individually ferocious, seem somehow to exude a saving humour when they collect in masses. The fact is, one nation can never understand another. This conclusion was forced upon me last spring, when I was in Paris. I was sitting down near the Arc de Triomphe, and on the same seat was a gentleman whom I took to be French. He was intently watching a long *queue* of people taking omnibus tickets. Suddenly he burst out, in the English tongue, 'What fools these people are!' He could understand taking tickets for the railway before getting into the carriage, but it was clear that no one but a fool would take a ticket for an omnibus till he was well inside. Well, that is roughly one's feeling about French justice—that it is probably all right for Frenchmen.

28th.—I always look into 'Longman's Magazine' for the sake of Mr. Lang's notes 'At the Sign of the Ship.' By a curious chance Mr. Lang happened to light upon my last month's diary, and saw the difficulty I had about his relation to Wordsworth, and in the March 'Longman's' comes to my help. He explains 'Wordsworth by A. Lang' to mean 'Wordsworth *selected* by A. Lang'—at least, that seems to be the sense of his elaborate paraphrase; but he does not vouch any authority for this use of the preposition. I incline to think it must be printer's English, for which he is too magnanimous to disclaim responsibility.

Mr. Lang, after thus helping me, goes on with justifiable candour to say that he finds my diary dull; but when, for my defects, Mr. Lang falls to abuse of my grey hairs and my female relatives, I am not sure that, after all, I do not prefer my country dullness to such wit and urbanity.

## THE CASTLE INN.<sup>1</sup>

BY STANLEY WEYMAN.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A GOOD MAN'S DILEMMA.

TEN minutes later Mr. Thomasson slid back the bolt, and, opening the door, glanced furtively up and down the passage. Seeing no one, he came out, closed the door behind him, and humming an air from the 'Buona Figliuola,' which was then the fashion, returned slowly, and with apparent deliberation, to the east wing. There he hastened to hide himself in a small closet of a chamber, which he had that morning secured on the second floor, and having bolted the door behind him, he plumped down on the scanty bed, and stared at the wall. He was the prey of a vast amazement.

'Jupiter!' he muttered at last, 'what a—a Pactolus I have missed! Three months ago, two months ago, she would have jumped at me! She would have gone on her knees to marry me! And with all that money—Lord! I would have died Bishop of Oxford. It is monstrous! Positively, I am fit to kill myself when I think of it!'

He paused awhile to roll the morsel on the palate of his imagination, and found that the pathos of it almost moved him to tears. But before long he fell from the clouds to more practical matters. The secret was his, but what was he going to do with it? Where make his market of it—for assuredly the opportunity was too good to be lost? One by one he considered all the persons concerned. To begin with, there was her ladyship. But the knowledge did not affect her much, and he did not trust her. He dismissed the thought of applying to her. It was the same with Dunborough; money or no money was all one to him, he would take the girl if he could get her. He was dismissed as equally hopeless. Soane came next; but Sir George either knew the secret, or must know it soon; and though his was a case the tutor pondered long, he could see no profit he could claim from him. Moreover, he had not much stomach for driving a bargain with him; so in the end Sir George too was set aside.

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There remained only the Buona Figliuola—the girl herself. ‘I might pay my court to her,’ the tutor thought, ‘but she would have a spite against me for last night’s work, and I doubt I could not do much. To be sure, I might put her on her guard against Dunborough, and trust to her gratitude; but it is ten to one she would not believe me. Or I could let him play his trick—if he is fool enough to put his neck in a noose—and step in and save her at the last moment. Ah!’ Mr. Thomasson continued, looking up to the ceiling in an ecstasy of appreciation, ‘if I had the courage! That were a game to play indeed, Frederick Thomasson!’

It was, but it was hazardous; the schemer rose and walked the floor, striving to discover a safer mode of founding his claim. He found none, however; and presently, with a wry face, he took out a letter which he had received the day before his departure from Oxford—a letter from a dun, threatening process and arrest. The sum was one which a year’s stipend of a fat living would discharge; and until the receipt of the letter the tutor, long familiar with embarrassment, had taken the matter lightly. But the letter meant business—a spunging house and the Fleet; and with the cold shade of the Rules in immediate prospect, Mr. Thomasson was at his wits’ end. He thought and thought, and presently despair bred in him a bastard courage.

Buoyed up by this, he tried to picture the scene; the lonely road, the carriage, the shrieking girl, the ruffians looking fearfully up and down as they strove to silence her; and himself running to the rescue as Mr. Burchell ran with the big stick, in Mr. Goldsmith’s novel, which he had read a few months before. Then the struggle. He saw himself knocked—well, pushed down; after all, with care, he might play a fine part without much risk. The men might fly at sight of him; or when he drew nearer and added his shouts to the girl’s cries; or—or some one else might come up, by chance or summoned by the uproar! In a minute it would be over; in a minute—and what a rich reward he might reap!

Nevertheless he did not feel sure he would be able to do it. His heart thumped, and his smile grew sickly, and he passed his tongue again and again over his dry lips, as he thought of the venture. But do it or not, when the time came he would at least give himself the chance. He would attend the girl wherever she went, dog her, watch her, hang on her skirts; so, if the thing happened he would be at hand, and if he had the courage, would save her.

'It should—it should stand me in a thousand!' he muttered, wiping his damp brow, 'and that would put me on my legs.'

He put it at that; and it was a great sum, a rich bribe. He thought of the money lovingly, and of the feat with trembling, and took his hat and unlocked his door and went downstairs. He spied about him cautiously until he learned in the hall that Mr. Dunborough had departed; then he went out boldly to the stables, and inquired and found that the gentleman had started for Bristol in a postchaise. 'In a middling black temper,' the ostler added, 'saving your reverence's presence.'

That ascertained, the tutor needed to ask no more. He knew that Dunborough, on his way to foreign service, had lain ten days in Bristol, whistling for a wind; and had also landed there on his return, and made—on his own authority—some queer friends there. Bristol, too, was the port for the plantations; a slave-mart under the rose, with the roughest of all the English seaport populations. There were houses at Bristol where crimping was the least of the crimes committed; and in the docks, where the great ships, laden with sugar and tobacco, sailed in and out in their seasons, lay sloops and skippers, ready to carry all comers, criminal and victim alike, beyond the reach of the law. The very name gave Mr. Thomasson pause; he could have done with Gretna—which Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act had lately raised to importance—or Berwick, or Harwich, or Dover. But Bristol had a grisly sound. From Marlborough it lay no more than forty miles away by the Chippenham and Marshfield road; a postchaise and four stout horses might cover the distance in four hours.

He felt, as he sneaked into the house, that the die was cast. The other intended to do it, then. And that meant—'Oh, Lord,' he muttered, wiping his brow, 'I shall never dare! If he is there himself, I shall never dare!' As he crawled upstairs he went hot one moment and shivered the next, and did not know whether he was glad or sorry that the chance would be his to take.

Fortunately, on reaching the first floor, he remembered that earlier in the day Lady Dunborough had requested him to convey her compliments to Dr. Addington, with an inquiry how Lord Chatham did. The tutor felt that a commonplace interview of this kind would settle his nerves; and having learned the position of Dr. Addington's apartments he found his way down the snug passage of which we know and knocked at the door. A voice, disagreeably raised, was speaking on the other side of the door,



but paused at the sound of his knock. Some one said 'Come in,' and he entered.

He found Dr. Addington standing on the hearth, stiff as a poker, and swelling with dignity. Facing him stood Mr. Fishwick. The attorney, flustered and excited, cast a look at Mr. Thomasson as if his entrance were an added grievance; but that done, went on with his complaint.

'I tell you, sir,' he said with all respect, 'I do not understand this. His lordship was able to travel yesterday, and last evening he was well enough to see Sir George Soane.'

'He did not see him,' the physician answered stiffly. There is no class which extends less indulgence to an allied class than the higher grade of professional men to the lower grade. While to Sir George Mr. Fishwick was an odd little man, comic, and not altogether inestimable, to Dr. Addington he was anathema.

'I said only, sir, that he was well enough to see him,' the lawyer retorted querulously. 'Be that as it may, his lordship was not seriously ill yesterday. To-day I have business of the utmost importance with him, and am willing to wait upon him at any hour. Nevertheless you tell me that I cannot see him to-day, nor to-morrow——'

'Nor in all probability the next day,' the doctor answered grimly.

Mr. Fishwick's voice rose almost to a shriek. 'Nor the next day?' he cried.

'No, nor the next day, so far as I can judge.'

'But I must see him! I tell you, sir, I must see him,' the lawyer ejaculated. 'I have the most important business with him!'

'The most important?'

'The most important!'

'My dear sir,' Dr. Addington said, raising his hand and clearly near the end of his patience, 'my answer is that you shall see him—when he is well enough to be seen, and chooses to see you, and not before! For myself, whether you see him now or never see him, is no business of mine. But it is my business to be sure that his lordship does not risk a life which is of inestimable value to his country.'

'But—but yesterday he was well enough to travel!' murmured the lawyer, somewhat awed. 'I—I do not like this!'

The doctor looked at the door.

'I—I believe I am being kept from his lordship!' Mr. Fish-

wick persisted, stuttering nervously. 'And there are people whose interest it is to keep me from his lordship. I warn you, sir, that if anything happens in the meantime——'

The doctor rang the bell.

'I shall hold you responsible!' Mr. Fishwick cried passionately. 'I consider this a most mysterious illness. I repeat, I——'

But apparently that was the last straw. 'Mysterious?' the doctor cried, his face purple with indignation. 'Leave the room, sir! You are not sane, sir! By God, you ought to be shut up, sir! You ought not to be allowed to go about. Do you think that you are the only person who wants to see His Majesty's Minister? Here is a courier come already from His Grace the Duke of Grafton, and to-morrow there will be a score, and a king's messenger from His Majesty among them—and all this trouble is given by a miserable, little, paltry, petti—— Begone, sir, before I say too much!' he continued, trembling with anger. And then to the servant, 'John, the door! the door! And see that this person does not trouble me again. Be good enough to communicate in writing, sir, if you have anything to say.'

With that poor Mr. Fishwick was hustled out, protesting but not convinced. It is seldom the better side of human nature that lawyers see; nor is an attorney's office, or even a barrister's chamber, the soil in which a luxuriant crop of confidence is grown. In common with many persons of warm feelings, but narrow education, Mr. Fishwick was ready to believe on the smallest evidence—or on no evidence at all—that the rich and powerful were leagued against his client; that justice, if he were not very sharp, would be denied him; that the heavy purse had a knack of outweighing the righteous cause, even in England and in the eighteenth century. And the fact that all his hopes were staked on this case, that all his resources were embarked in it, that it had fallen, as it were, from heaven into his hands—wherefore the greater the pity if things went amiss—rendered him peculiarly captious and impracticable. After this every day, nay, every hour, that passed without bringing him to Lord Chatham's presence augmented his suspense and doubled his anxiety. To be put off, not one day, but two days, three days—what might not happen in three days!—was a thing intolerable, insufferable; a thing to bring the heavens down in pity on his head! What wonder, then, if he rebelled hourly; and being routed, as we have seen him routed,

muttered dark hints in Julia's ear, until, snubbed in that quarter also, he was forced to shut himself up in his sleeping-place, and there brood miserably over his suspicions and surmises?

Even when the lapse of twenty-four hours brought the swarm of couriers, messengers, and expresses which Dr. Addington had foretold; when the High Street of Marlborough—a name henceforth written on the page of history—became but a slowly moving line of coaches and chariots bearing the select of the county to wait on the great Minister; when the little town itself began to throb with unusual life, and to take on airs of fashion, by reason of the crowd that lay in it; when the Duke of Grafton himself was reported to be but a stage distant, and there detained by the Earl's express refusal to see him; when the very *KING*, it was rumoured, was coming on the same business; when, in a word, it became evident that the eyes of half England were turned to the Castle Inn at Marlborough, where England's great statesman lay helpless, and gave no sign, though the wheels of state creaked and all but stood still—even then Mr. Fishwick refused to be satisfied, declined to be comforted. In place of viewing this stir and bustle, this coming and going, as a perfect confirmation of Dr. Addington's statement, and a proof of his integrity, he looked askance at it. He saw in it a demonstration of the powers ranked against him and the principalities he had to combat; he felt, in face of it, how weak, how poor, how insignificant he was; and at one time despaired, and at another was in a frenzy, at one time wearied Julia with prophecies of treachery, at another poured his forebodings into the more sympathetic bosom of the elder woman. The reader may laugh; but if he has ever staked his all on a cast, if he has taken up a hand of twelve trumps, only to hear the ominous word 'misdeal!' he will find something in Mr. Fishwick's attitude neither unnatural nor blameworthy.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### AMORIS INTEGRATIO.

DURING those stirring days of the Earl's illness, when, as we have seen, all the political world of England were turning their coaches and six towards the Castle Inn, it came to be the custom for Julia to go every morning to the little bridge over the

Kennet, thence to watch the panorama of departures and arrivals ; and for Sir George to join her there without excuse or explanation, and as if, indeed, nothing in the world were more natural. As the Minister's illness continued to detain all who desired to see him—from the Duke of Grafton's parliamentary secretary to the humblest aspirant to a tide-waitership—Soane was not the only one who sought to while the time away in the company of the fair. The shades of Preshute churchyard, which lies in the bosom of the trees, not three bowshots from the Castle Inn and hard by the Kennet, formed the chosen haunt of one couple. A second pair favoured a seat situate on the west side of the Castle Mound, and well protected by shrubs from the gaze of the vulgar. And there were others.

But these Corydons were at ease ; they basked free from care in the smiles of their Celas. But Soane, in his philandering, had to do with black care that would be ever at his elbow ; black care, that always when he was not with Julia, and sometimes while he talked to her, would jog his thoughts, and draw a veil before the future. The prospect of losing Estcombe, of seeing the family Lares broken and cast out, and the family stem, tender and young, yet not ungracious, snapped off short, wrung a heart that belied his cold exterior. Moreover, when all these were sacrificed, he was his own judge how far he could without means pursue the life which he had been living. Suspense, anxiety, sordid calculation were ever twitching his sleeve, and would have his attention. Was the claim a valid claim, and must it prevail ? If it prevailed, how was he to live ; and where, and on what ? Would the Minister grant his suit for a place or a pension ? Or might he still by one deep night and one great hand at hazard win back the thirty thousand guineas he had lost in five years ?

Such questions, troubling him whether he would or no, and forcing themselves on his attention when they were least welcome, ruffled at last even the outward composure on which as a man of fashion he plumed himself. He would fall silent in Julia's company, and turning his eyes from her, in unworthy forgetfulness, would trace patterns in the dust with his cane, or stare by the minute together at the quiet stream that oozed sluggishly beneath them.

On these occasions she made no attempt to rouse him. But when he again awoke to the world, to the coach passing in its cloud of dust, or the gaping urchin, or the clang of the distant dinner-

bell, he would find her considering him with an enigmatical smile, that lay in the region between amusement and pity; her shapely chin resting on her hand, and the lace falling from the whitest wrist in the world. One day the smile lasted so long, was so strange and dubious, and so full of a weird intelligence, that it chilled him; it crept to his bones, disconcerted him, and set him wondering. The uneasy questions that had haunted him at first, recurred. Why was this girl so facile, who had seemed so proud, and whose full lips curved so naturally? Was she really won, or was she with some hidden motive only playing with him? The notion was not flattering to a fine gentleman's vanity; and in any other case he would have given himself credit for conquest. But he had discovered that this girl was not as other girls; and then there was that puzzling smile. He had surprised it half a dozen times before.

'What is it?' he said abruptly, determined to clear up the matter this time.

'What?' she asked in apparent innocence. But he saw that she understood.

'What does your smile mean, Pulcherrima?'

'Only—that I was reading your thoughts, Sir George,' she answered, 'And they were not of me.'

'Impossible!' he said. 'I vow, Julia——'

'Don't vow,' she answered quickly, 'or when you vow—some other time—I shall not be able to believe you! You were not thinking of me, but of your home, and the avenue of which you told me, and the elms in which the rooks lived, and the river in which you used to fish. You were wondering to whom they would go, and who would possess them, and who would be born in the room in which you were born, and who would die in the room in which your father died.'

'You are a witch!' he said, a spasm of pain crossing his face.

'Thank you,' she answered, looking at him over her fan. 'Last time you said, "D—n the girl!" It is clear I am improving your manners, Sir George. You are now so polite, that presently you will consult me.'

So she could read his very thoughts! Could deliberately set him on the rack! Could perceive when pain and not irritation underlay the oath or the compliment. He was always discovering something new in her; something that piqued his curiosity, and kept him amused. 'Suppose I consult you now?' he said.

She swung her fan to and fro, playing with it childishly, looking at the light through it, and again dropping it until it hung from her wrist by a ribbon. 'As your highness pleases,' she said at last. 'Only I warn you, that I am not the Bottle Conjuror.'

'No, for you are here, and he was not there,' Sir George answered, affecting to speak in jest. 'But tell me; what shall I do in this case? A claim is made against me.'

'Is it the bomb,' she said, 'that burst, Sir George?'

'The same. The point is, shall I resist the claim, or shall I yield to it?'

She tossed up her fan and caught it deftly, and looked to him for admiration. Then, 'It depends,' she said. 'Is it a large claim?'

'It is a claim—for all I have,' he answered slowly. It was the first time he had confessed that to any one, except to himself in the night watches.

If he thought to touch her, he succeeded. If he had fancied her unfeeling before, he did so no longer. She was red one minute and pale the next, and the tears came into her eyes. 'Oh,' she cried, her breast heaving, 'you should not have told me! Oh, why did you tell me?' And she rose hurriedly as if to leave him; and then sat down again, the fan quivering in her hand.

'But you said you would advise me!' he answered in surprise.

'I! Oh, no! no!' she cried, with abandon.

'But you must!' he persisted, more deeply moved than he would show. 'I want your advice. I want to know how it looks to another. It is a simple question. Shall I fight or shall I yield to the claim?'

'Fight or yield?' she said, her voice broken by agitation. 'Shall you fight or yield? You ask me?'

'Yes.'

'Then fight! Fight!' she answered, with surprising emotion: and she rose again to her feet. And again sat down. 'Fight them to the last, Sir George!' she cried breathlessly. 'Let the creatures have nothing! Not a penny! Not an acre!'

'But—if it is a righteous claim?' he said, amazed at her excitement.

'Righteous?' she answered passionately. 'How can a claim be righteous that takes all that a man has?'

He nodded, and studied the road awhile, reflecting on her words and the strange fervour she had thrown into them. At

the end of that time he was surprised to hear her laugh. He looked up to learn the reason—feeling hurt, as was natural—and was astounded to find her smiling at him as lightly and gaily as if nothing had occurred to interrupt her most whimsical mood; as if the question he had put to her had never been put, or were a farce, a jest, a mere pastime!

‘Sho, Sir George,’ she said, ‘how silly you must think me to proffer you advice; and with an air as if the sky were falling. Do you forgive me?’

‘I forgive you *that*,’ Sir George answered. But, poor fellow, he winced under her sudden change of tone.

‘That is well,’ she said confidently. ‘There again, do you know you are changed; you would not have said that a week ago. I have most certainly improved your manners.’

Sir George made an effort to answer her in the same strain. ‘Well, I should improve,’ he said. ‘I come very regularly to school. Do you know how many days we have sat here, *ma belle*?’

A faint colour tinged her cheek. ‘If I do not, that dreadful Mr. Thomasson does,’ she answered. ‘I believe he never lets me go out of his sight. And for days—what are days, or even weeks, when it is a question of reforming a rake, Sir George? Who was it you named to me yesterday,’ she continued, speaking a little hurriedly, and with her eyes on the toe of her shoe which projected from her dress, ‘who carried the gentleman into the country when he had lost I don’t know how many thousand pounds? And kept him there out of harm’s way?’

‘It was Lady Carlisle,’ Sir George answered dryly; ‘and the gentleman was her husband.’

It was Julia’s turn to draw figures in the dust of the roadway, which she did very industriously; and the two were silent for quite a long time, while some one’s heart bumped as if it would choke her. At length—‘He was not quite ruined, was he?’ she said, with elaborate carelessness; her voice was a little thick—perhaps by reason of the bumping.

Lord, no! said Sir George. ‘And I am, you see.’

‘While I am not your wife!’ she retorted; and flashed her eyes on him in sudden fury; and then, ‘Well, perhaps if she had her choice—to be wife to a rake can be no bed of roses, Sir George! While to be wife to a ruined rake—perhaps to be wife to a man who, if he were not ruined, would treat you as the dirt beneath his feet, beneath his notice beneath—’



She did not seem to be able to finish the sentence, but rose choking, her face scarlet. He rose more slowly. 'Lord!' he said humbly, looking at her in astonishment, 'what has come to you suddenly? What has made you angry with me, child?'

'Child?' she exclaimed. 'Am I a child? You play with me as if I were!'

'Play with you?' Sir George said, dumfounded; he was quite taken aback by her sudden vehemence. 'My dear girl, I cannot understand you. I am not playing with you. If any one is playing, it is you. Sometimes—I wonder whether you hate me or love me. Sometimes I am happy enough to think the one; sometimes—I think the other——'

'It has never struck you,' she said, interrupting him and speaking in her harshest and most scornful tone, 'that I may do neither the one nor the other, but be pleased to kill my time with you—since I must stay here until my lawyer has done his business?'

'Oh!' said Soane, staring helplessly at the angry beauty, 'if that be all——'

'That is all!' she cried. 'Do you understand? That is all.'

He bowed gravely. 'Then I am glad that I have been of use to you. That at least,' he said.

'Thank you,' she said dryly. 'I am going into the house now. I need not trouble you.'

And she swept him a curtsy that might have done honour to a duchess, and turned and sailed away, the picture of disdain. But when her face was safe from his gaze and he could no longer see them, her eyes filled with tears of shame and vexation; she had to bite her trembling lip to keep them back. Presently she slackened her speed and almost stopped—then hurried on, when she thought that she heard him following. But he did not overtake her, and Julia's step grew slow again, and slower until she reached the portico.

Between love and pride, hope and shame, she had a hard fight; happily a coach was unloading, and she could stand and feign interest in the passengers. Two young fellows fresh from Bath took fire at her eyes; but one who stared too markedly she withered with a look, and, if the truth be told, her fingers tingled for his ears. Her own ears were on the alert, directed backwards like a hare's. Would he never come? Was he really so simple, so abominably stupid, so little versed in woman's ways? Or was

he playing with her? Perhaps, he had gone into the town? Or trudged up the Salisbury road; if so, and if she did not see him now, she might not meet him until the next morning; and who could say what might not happen in the interval? True, he had promised that he would not leave Marlborough without seeing her; but things had altered between them since then.

At last—at last, when she felt that her pride would allow her to stay no longer, and she was on the point of going in, the sound of his step cut short her misery. She waited, her heart beating quickly, to hear his voice at her elbow. She heard it, but he was speaking to another; to a coarse rough man, half servant half loafer, who had just joined him, and given him a note. Julia, outwardly cool, inwardly on tenterhooks, saw so much out of the corner of her eye, and that the two, while they spoke, were looking at her. Then the man fell back, and Sir George, purposely averting his gaze and walking like a man heavy in thought, went by her; he passed through the little crowd about the coach, and was in the act of disappearing through the entrance, when she hurried after him and called his name.

He turned, between the pillars, and saw her. 'A word with you, if you please,' she said. Her tone was icy, her manner freezing.

Sir George bowed. 'This way, if you please,' she continued imperiously; and preceded him across the hall and through the opposite door and down the steps to the gardens, that had once been Lady Hertford's delight. Nor did she pause or look at him until they were halfway across the lawn; then she turned, and with a perfect change of face and manner, smiling divinely,

Easy her motion seemed, serene her air,

she held out her hand.

'You have come—to beg my pardon, I hope?' she said.

The smile she bestowed on him was an April smile, the brighter for the tears that lurked behind it; but Soane did not know that, nor, had he known it, would it have availed him. He was utterly dazzled, conquered, subjugated by her beauty. 'Willingly,' he said. 'But for what?'

'Oh, for—everything!' she answered with supreme assurance.

'I ask your divinity's pardon for everything,' he said obediently.

'It is granted,' she answered. 'And—I shall see you to-morrow, Sir George?'

'To-morrow?' he said. 'Alas, no; I shall be away to-morrow.'

He had eyes; and the startling fashion in which the light died out of her face, and left it grey and colourless, was not lost on him. But her voice remained steady, almost indifferent. 'Oh!' she said, 'you are going?' And she raised her eyebrows.

'Yes,' he answered; 'I have to go to Estcombe.'

She tried to force a laugh, but failed. 'And you do not return? We shall not see you again?' she said.

'It lies with you,' he answered slowly. 'I am returning to-morrow evening by the Bath road. Will you come and meet me, Julia—say, as far as the Manton turning? I shall be there a little after five. If you come, I shall know that, notwithstanding your hard words, you will take in hand the reforming of a rake—and a ruined rake, Julia. If you do not come——'

He hesitated. She had to turn away her head that he might not see the light that had returned to her eyes. 'Well, what then?' she said softly.

'I do not know.'

'But Lady Carlisle was his wife,' she whispered, with a swift sidelong shot from eyes instantly averted. 'And—you remember what you said to me—at Oxford? That if I were a lady, you would make me your wife. I am not a lady, Sir George.'

'I did not say that,' Sir George answered quickly.

'No! What then?'

'You know very well,' he retorted with malice.

All of her cheek and neck that he could see turned scarlet.

'Well, at any rate,' she said, 'let us be sure now that you are talking not to Clarissa but to Pamela?'

'I am talking to neither,' he answered manfully. And he stood erect, his hat in his hand; they were almost of a height. 'I am talking to the most beautiful woman in the world,' he said, 'whom I also believe to be the most virtuous—and whom I hope to make my wife. Shall it be so, Julia?'

She was trembling excessively; she used her fan that he might not see how her hand shook. 'I—I will tell you to-morrow,' she murmured breathlessly. 'At Manton corner.'

And she fled from him into the house, deaf, as she passed through the hall, to the clatter of dishes and the cries of the waiters and the rattle of orders; for she had the singing of larks in her ears, and her heart rose on the throb of the song—rose until she felt that she must either cry or die, of very happiness.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE BLACK FAN.

I BELIEVE that Sir George, riding soberly to Estcombe in the morning, was not guiltless of looking back in spirit. Probably there are few men who, when the binding word has been said and the final step taken, do not feel a revulsion of mind, and for a moment question the wisdom of their choice. A more beautiful wife he could not wish; she was fair of face and faultless in shape, as beautiful as a Churchill or a Gunning. And in all honesty, and in spite of the undoubted advances she had made to him, he believed her to be good and virtuous. But her birth, her quality, or rather her lack of quality, her connections, these were things to cry him pause, to bid him reflect; until the thought—mean and unworthy, but not unnatural—that he was ruined, and what did it matter whom he wedded? came to him, and he touched his horse with the spur and cantered on by upland, down and clump, by Avebury, and Yatesbury, and Compton Bassett, until he came to his home.

Returning in the afternoon, sad at starting, but less sad with every added mile that separated him from the house to which he had bidden farewell in his heart—and which, much as he prized it now, he had not visited twice a year while it was his—it was another matter. He thought little of the future; of the past not at all. The present was sufficient for him. In an hour, in half an hour, in ten minutes, he would see her, would hold her hands in his, would hear her say that she loved him, would look unreprieved into the depths of her proud eyes, would see them sink before his. Not a regret now for White's! Or the gaming table! Or Mrs. Cornelys' and Betty's! Gone the *blasé* insouciance of St. James's. The whole man was set on his mistress. Ruined, he had naught but her to look forward to, and he hungered for her. He cantered through Avebury, six miles short of Marlborough, and saw not one house. Through West Kennet, where his shadow went long and thin before him; through Fyfield, where he well-nigh ran into a postchaise, which seemed to be in as great a hurry to go west as he was to go east; under the Devil's Den, and by Clatford cross-lanes, nor drew rein until—as the sun sank finally behind him, leaving the downs cold and grey—he came in sight of Manton Corner.

Then, that no look of shy happiness, no downward quiver of the maiden eyelids might be lost—for the morsel, now it was within his grasp, was one to linger over and dwell on—Sir George, his own eyes shining with eagerness, walked his horse forward, his gaze greedily seeking the flutter of her kerchief or the welcome of her hand. Would she be at the meeting of the roads—shrinking aside behind the bend, her eyes laughing to greet him? No, he saw as he drew nearer that she was not there. Then he knew where she would be; she would be waiting for him on the foot-bridge in the lane, fifty yards from the highroad, yet within sight of it. She would have her lover come so far—to win her. The subtlety was like her, and pleased him.

But she was not there, nor was she to be seen elsewhere in the lane; for this descended a gentle slope until it plunged, still under his eyes, among the thatched roofs and quaint cottages of the village, whence the smoke of the evening meal rose blue among the trees. Soane's eyes returned to the main road; he expected to hear her laugh, and see her emerge at his elbow. But the length of the highway lay empty before, and empty behind; and all was silent. He began to look blank. A solitary house, which had been an inn, but was now unoccupied, stood in the angle formed by Manton Lane and the road; he scrutinised it. The big doors leading to the stable-yard were ajar; but he looked in and she was not there, though he noted that horses had stood there lately. For the rest, the house was closed and shuttered, as he had seen it that morning, and every day for days past.

Was it possible that she had changed her mind? That she had played or was playing him false? His heart said no. Nevertheless he felt a chill and a degree of disillusion as he rode down the lane to the foot-bridge; and over it, and on as far as the first house of the village. Still he saw nothing of her; and he turned. But riding back his search was rewarded with a discovery. Beside the ditch, at the corner where the road and lane met, and lying in such a position that it was not visible from the highway, but only from the lower ground of the lane, lay a plain black fan.

Sir George sprang down, picked it up, and saw that it was hers; and still possessed by the idea that she was playing him a trick he kissed it, and looked sharply round, hoping to detect her laughing face. Without result; and then at last he began to feel misgiving. The road under the downs was growing dim and

shadowy; the ten minutes he had lingered had stolen away the warmth and colour of the day. The camps and tree-clumps stood black on the hills, the blacker for the creeping mist that stole beside the river where he stood. In another ten minutes night would fall in the valley. Sir George, his heart sinking under those vague and apparently foolish alarms which are among the penalties of affection, hurriedly mounted his horse, stood in his stirrups, and called her name—'Julia! Julia!'—not loudly, but so that if she were within fifty yards of him she must hear.

He listened. His ear caught a confused babel of voices in the direction of Marlborough; but only the empty house, echoing 'Julia!' answered him. Not that he waited long for an answer; something in the dreary aspect of everything struck cold to his heart, and touching his horse with the spur, he dashed off at a hand-gallop, and meeting the Bristol night wagon beyond the bend of the road was by it in a second. Nevertheless, the bells ringing on the horses' necks, the cracking whips, the tilt lurching white through the dusk reassured him. Reducing his pace, and a little ashamed of his fears, he entered the inn grounds by the stable entrance, threw his reins to a man—who seemed to have something to say, but did not say it—and walked off to the porch. He had been a fool to entertain such fears; in a minute he would see Julia.

As he approached the door he might have seen—had he looked that way—half a dozen men on foot and horseback, bustling out with lanterns through the great gates. Their voices reached him mellowed by distance, but immersed in thinking where he should find Julia, and what he should say to her, he crossed the roadway without heeding a commotion which in such a place was not unusual. On the contrary, the long lighted front of the house, the hum of life that rose from it, the sharp voices of a knot of men who stood a little on one side, arguing eagerly and all at once, went far to dissipate such of his fears as the pace of his horse had left. Beyond doubt Julia, finding herself in solitude, had grown alarmed and had returned, fancying him late; perhaps pouting because he had not forestalled the time!

But the moment he passed through the doorway his ear caught that buzz of excited voices, raised in all parts and in every key, that betokens disaster. And with a sudden chill at his heart, as of a cold hand gripping it, he stood, and looked down the hall. It was well perhaps that he had that moment of preparation, those

few seconds in which to steady himself, before the full sense of what had happened struck him.

The lighted hall was thronged and in an uproar. A busy place, of much coming and going it ever was. Now the floor was crowded in every part with two or three score persons, all speaking, gesticulating, advising at once. Here a dozen men were proving something; there another group were controverting it; while twice as many listened, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, or in their turn dashed into the babel. That something very serious had happened Sir George could not doubt. Once he caught the name of Lord Chatham, and the statement that he was worse, and fancied that that was it. But the next moment the speaker added loudly, 'Oh, he cannot be told! He is not to be told! The doctor has gone to him; it is to be kept from him! I tell you, he is worse to-day!' And this, giving the lie to that idea, revived his fears. His eyes passed quickly over the crowd, he looked everywhere for Julia; he found her nowhere. He touched the nearest man on the arm, and asked him what had happened.

The person he addressed was about to reply when an agitated figure, wig awry, cravat loosened, eyes staring, forced itself through the crowd, and, flinging itself on Sir George, clutched him by the open breast of his green riding coat. It was Mr. Fishwick, but Mr. Fishwick transfigured by a great fright, his face grey, his cheeks trembling. For a moment such was his excitement he could not speak. Then 'Where is she?' he stuttered, almost shaking Sir George on his feet. 'What have you done with her, you—you villain?'

Soane, with cruel misgivings gnawing at his heart, was in no patient mood. In a blaze of passion he flung the attorney from him. 'You madman!' he said, 'what idiocy is this?'

Mr. Fishwick fell heavily against a stout gentleman in splashed boots and an old-fashioned Ramillies, who, fortunately for the attorney, blocked the way to the wall. Even so the shock was no light one. But, breathless and giddy as he was, the lawyer returned instantly to the charge. 'I denounce you!' he cried furiously. 'I denounce this man! You, and you,' he continued, appealing in frantic excitement to those next him. 'Mark what I say! She is the claimant to his estates—estates he holds on sufferance! To-morrow justice would have been done, and to-night he has kidnapped her! All he has is hers, I tell you, and he has kidnapped her. I denounce him! I——'



'What Bedlam stuff is this?' Sir George cried hoarsely; and he looked round the ring of curious starers, the sweat standing on his brow. Every eye in the hall was upon him, and there was a great silence; for the accusation which the lawyer spoke out had been buzzed and bruited since the first cry of alarm roused the house. 'What stuff is this?' he repeated, his head giddy with the sense of that which Mr. Fishwick had said. 'Who—who is it has been kidnapped? Speak! D—n you! will no one speak?'

'Your cousin!' the lawyer answered. 'Your cousin, who claims——'

'Softly, man—softly,' said the landlord, coming forward and laying his hand on the lawyer's shoulder. 'And we shall the sooner know what to do. Briefly, Sir George,' he continued, 'the young lady who has been in your company the last day or two was seized and carried off in a postchaise half an hour ago, as I am told—may be a little more—from Manton Corner. For the rest, which this gentleman says, about who she is and her claim—which it does not seem to me can be true and your honour not know it—it is all news to me. But, as I understand it, Sir George, he alleges that the young lady who has disappeared lays claim to your honour's estates at Estcombe.'

'At Estcombe?'

'Yes, sir.'

Sir George did not speak again, but he stood staring at the man, his mind divided between two thoughts. The first that this was the solution of the many things that had puzzled him in Julia; this was, no doubt, the explanation of her sudden amiability, her new-born forwardness, the mysterious fortune into which she had come; ay, and of her education and her strange past. She was his cousin, the unknown claimant! She was his cousin, and——

He awoke with a start, dragged away by the second thought—hard following on the first. 'From Manton Corner?' he cried, his voice sharp, his eye terrible. 'Who saw it?'

'One of the servants,' the landlord answered, 'who had gone to the top of the Mound to clean the mirrors in the summer-house. Here, you,' he continued, beckoning to a man who limped forward reluctantly from one of the side passages in which he had been standing, 'show yourself, and tell this gentleman the story you told me.'

'If it please your honour,' the fellow whimpered, 'it is no fault of mine. I ran down to give the alarm as soon as I saw

what was doing—they were forcing her into the carriage then—but I was in such a hurry I fell and rolled to the bottom of the Mound, and was that dazed and shaken it was five minutes before I could find any one.'

'How many were there?' Sir George asked. There was an ugly light in his eyes and his cheeks burned. But he spoke with calmness.

'Two I saw, and there may have been more. The chaise had been waiting in the yard of the empty house at the corner, the old Nag's Head. I saw it come out. That was the first thing I did see. And then the lady.'

'Did she seem to be unwilling?' the man in the Ramillies asked. 'Did she scream?'

'Ay, she screamed right enough,' the fellow answered lumpishly. 'I heard her, though the noise came faint-like. It is a good distance, your honour'll mind, and some would not have seen what I saw.'

'And she struggled?'

'Ay, sir, she did. They were having a business with her when I left, I can tell you.'

The picture was too much for Sir George. Gripping the landlord's shoulder so fiercely that Smith winced and cried out, 'And you have heard this man,' he said, 'and you chatter here? Fools! This is no matter for words, but for horses and pistols! Get me a horse and pistols—and tell my servant. Are you so many dolls? D—n you, sir'—this to Mr. Fishwick—'get out of my way!'

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### MR. FISHWICK, THE ARBITER.

MR. FISHWICK, who had stepped forward with a vague notion of detaining him, fell back. For the rest, Sir George's stern aspect, which bore witness to the passions that raged in a heart at that moment cruelly divided, did not encourage interference; and though one or two muttered, no one moved. There is little doubt that he would have passed out without delay, mounted, and gone in pursuit—with what result in the direction of altering the issue, it is impossible to state—if an obstacle had not been cast in his way by an unexpected hand.

In every crowd, the old proverb has it, there is a knave and a fool. Between Sir George bursting with passion and wrath, and the door by which he had entered and to which he turned, stood Lady Dunborough. Her ladyship had been one of the first to hear the news and to take the alarm; moreover, it is safe to say that for obvious reasons—and setting aside the lawyer and Sir George—she was of all present the person most powerfully affected by the news of the outrage. But she had succeeded in concealing alike her fears and her interest; she had exclaimed with others—neither more nor less; and had hinted, in common with three-fourths of the ladies present, that the minx's cries were forced, and her *bonne fortune* sufficiently to her mind. In a word, she had comported herself so fitly that if there was one person in the hall whose opinion was likely to carry weight, as being coolly and impartially formed, it was her ladyship.

When she stepped forward therefore, and threw herself between Sir George and the door—still more when, with an intrepid gesture, she cried 'Stay, sir; we have not done with you yet,' there was a sensation. As the crowd pressed up to see and hear what passed, her accusing finger pointed steadily to Sir George's breast. 'What is that you have there?' she continued. 'That which peeps from your breast pocket, sir?'

Sir George, who, furious and bursting with impatience, could go no farther without coming in contact with her ladyship, smothered an oath. 'Madam,' he said, 'let me pass.'

'Not until you explain how you came by that fan,' she answered sturdily; and held her ground.

'Fan?' he cried savagely. 'What fan?'

Unfortunately the passions that had swept through his mind during the last few minutes, the discovery he had made, and the flood of pity that would let him think of nothing but the girl—the girl carried off screaming and helpless, a prey to he knew not whom—these things left scant room in his mind for trifles. And he had clean forgotten the fan. But the crowd gave him no credit for this; and some murmured, and some exchanged glances, when he asked 'What fan?' Still more when my lady rejoined, 'The fan in your breast,' and he drew it out and all saw it, was there a plain and general feeling against him.

Unheeding, he stared at the fan with grief-stricken eyes. 'I picked it up in the road,' he muttered, as much to himself as to them.

'It is hers?'

'Yes,' he said, holding it reverently. 'She must have dropped it—in the struggle!' And then 'My God!' he continued fiercely, the sight of the fan bringing the truth more vividly before him, 'Let me pass! Or I shall be doing some one a mischief! Madam, let me pass, I say!'

His tone was such that an ordinary woman must have given way to him; but the viscountess had her reasons for being staunch. 'No,' she said stoutly, 'not until these gentlemen have heard more. You have her fan, which she took out an hour ago. She went to meet you—that we know from this person'—she indicated Mr. Fishwick; 'and to meet you at your request. The time, at sunset, the place, the corner of Manton Lane. And what is the upshot? At that corner, at sunset, persons and a carriage were waiting to carry her off. Who besides you knew that she would be there?' Lady Dunborough continued, driving home the point with her finger. 'Who besides you knew the time? And that being so, as soon as they are safely away with her, you walk in here with an innocent face and her fan in your pocket, and know naught about it! For shame! for shame, Sir George! You will have us think we see the Cock Lane Ghost next. For my part,' her ladyship continued ironically, 'I would as soon believe the rabbit-woman.'

'Let me pass, madam,' Sir George cried between his teeth. 'If you were not a woman——'

'You would do something dreadful,' Lady Dunborough answered mockingly. 'Nevertheless, I shall be much mistaken, sir, if some of these gentlemen have not a word to say in the matter.'

Her ladyship's glance fell, as she spoke, on the stout red-faced gentleman in the splashed boots and Ramillies, who had asked two questions of the servant, and who, to judge by the attention with which he had followed my lady's words, was not proof against the charm which invests a viscountess. If she looked at him with intention, she reckoned well; for, as neatly as if the matter had been concerted between them, he stepped forward and took up the ball.

'Sir George,' he said, puffing out his cheeks, 'I—I am sorry to interfere, but you know me, and what my position is on the Rota. And I do not think I can stand by any longer—which might be *adherere culpa*. This is a serious case, and I

doubt I shall not be justified in allowing you to depart—without some more definite explanation. Abduction, you know, is not bailable. You are a Justice yourself, Sir George, and must know that. If this person therefore—who, I understand, is an attorney—desires to lay a sworn information, I must take it.'

'In heaven's name, sir,' Soane cried desperately, 'take it! Take what you please, but let me take the road.'

'Ah, but that is what I doubt, sir, I cannot do,' the Justice answered. 'Mark you, there is motive, Sir George, and *præsentia in loco*,' he continued, swelling with his own learning. 'And you have a *partem delicti* on you. And, moreover, abduction is a special kind of case, seeing that if the *participes criminis* are free the *femme sole*, sometimes called the *femina capta*, is in greater danger. In fact, it is a continuing crime. An information being sworn therefore——'

'It has not been sworn yet!' Sir George retorted fiercely. 'And I warn you that any one who lays a hand on me shall rue it. God, man!' he continued, horror in his voice, 'cannot you understand that while you prate here they are carrying her off, and that time is everything?'

'Some persons have gone in pursuit,' the landlord answered with intent to soothe.

'Just so; some persons have gone in pursuit,' the Justice echoed with satisfaction. 'And you, if you went, could do no more than they can do. Besides, Sir George, the law must be obeyed. The sole point is'—he turned to Mr. Fishwick, who through all had stood by, his face distorted by grief and perplexity—'do you wish, sir, to swear the information?'

Mrs. Masterson had fainted at the first alarm and been carried to her room. Apart from her, it is probable that only Sir George and Mr. Fishwick really entered into the horror of the girl's position, realised the possible value of minutes, or felt genuine and poignant grief at what had occurred. On the decision of one of these two the freedom of the other now depended, and the conclusion seemed foregone. Ten minutes earlier Mr. Fishwick, carried away by the first sight of Sir George, and by the rage of an honest man who saw a helpless woman ruined, had been violent enough; Soane's possession of the fan—not then known to him—was calculated to corroborate his suspicions. The Justice, therefore, in appealing to him felt sure of support, and was the more astonished when Mr. Fishwick, in place of assenting, passed his

hand across his brow, and stared at the speaker as if he had suddenly lost the power of speech.

In truth, the lawyer, harried by the expectant gaze of the room, and the Justice's impatient eyes, was divided between a natural generosity, which was one of his oddities, and a suspicion born of his profession. He liked Sir George; his smaller manhood went out in admiration to the other's splendid personality. On the other hand, he had viewed Soane's approaches to his client with misgiving. He had scented a trap here and a bait there, and a dozen times, while dwelling on Dr. Addington's postponements and delays, he had accused the two of collusion and of some deeplaid chicanery. Between these feelings he had now to decide, and to decide in such a tumult of anxiety and dismay as almost deprived him of the power to think.

On the one hand, the evidence and inferences against Sir George pressed him strongly. On the other, he had seen enough of the futile haste of the ostlers and stable-helps, who had gone in pursuit, to hope little from them; while from Sir George, were he honest, everything was to be expected. In his final decision we may believe what he said afterwards, that he was determined by neither of these considerations, but by his old dislike of Lady Dunborough! For after a long silence, during which he seemed to be a dozen times on the point of speaking and as often disappointed his audience, he announced his determination in that sense. 'No, sir; I—I will not!' he stammered, 'or rather I will not—on a condition.'

'Condition!' the Justice growled, in disgust.

'Yes,' said the lawyer staunchly; 'that Sir George, if he be going in pursuit of them, permit me to go with him. I—I can ride, or at least I can sit on a horse,' Mr. Fishwick continued bravely; 'and I am ready to go.'

'Oh, la!' said Lady Dunborough, spitting on the floor—for there were ladies who did such things in those days—'I think they are all in it together. And the fair cousin too! Cousin be hanged!' she added with a shrill ill-natured laugh; 'I have heard that before.'

But Sir George took no notice of her words. 'Come, if you please,' he cried, addressing the lawyer. 'But I do not wait for you. And now, madam, if your interference is at an end?'

'And what if it is not?' she cried, insolently grimacing in his face. She had gained half an hour, and it might save her son.

To persist farther might betray him, and yet she was loth to give way. 'What if it is not?' she repeated.

'I go out by the other door,' Sir George answered promptly, and, suiting the action to the word, he turned on his heel, strode through the crowd, which subserviently made way for him, and in a twinkling was gone through the garden door, with Mr. Fishwick, hat in hand, hurrying at his heels.

The moment they were gone, the babel, suppressed while the excitement lasted, rose again, loud as before. It is not every day that the busiest inn or the most experienced traveller has to do with an elopement, to say nothing of an abduction. While a large section of the ladies, seated together in a corner, tee-hee'd and tossed their heads, sneered at Miss and her screams, and warranted she knew all about it, and had her jacket and night-rail in her pocket, another party laid all to Sir George, swore by the viscountess, and quoted the masked uncle who made away with his nephew to get his estate. One or two indeed—and, if the chronicler is to be candid, one or two only, out of as many scores—proved that they possessed both imagination and charity. These sat apart, scared and affrighted by their thoughts; or stared with set eyes and flushed faces on the picture they would fain have avoided. But they were young and had seen little of the world.

On their part the men talked fast and loud, at one time laughed, and at another dropped a curse—their form of pity; quoted the route and the inns, and weighed the chances of Devizes or Bath, Bristol or Salisbury; vaguely suggested highwaymen, an old lover, Mrs. Cornelys' ballet; and finally trooped out to stand in the road and listen, question the passers-by, and hear what the parish constable had to say of it. All except one very old man, who kept his seat and from time to time muttered, 'Lord, what a shape she had! What a shape she had!' until he dissolved in maudlin tears.

And meanwhile a woman lay upstairs, tossing in passionate grief and tended by servants, who, more pitiful than their mistresses, stole to her to comfort her; and three men rode steadily along the western road.

*(To be continued.)*



